

CATO MAJOR,

*Cicero M 7*

A

P O E M.

Upon the MODEL of

*Tully's Essay of Old Age.*

In Four BOOKS.

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WELLS.

— In *Catone Majore* (qui est Scriptus de *Senectute*) *Catonem* induxi *Senem* disputantem, quia nulla videbatur aptior *Persona*, quæ de illa *Ætate* loqueretur, quam *Ejus*, qui & diutissime *Senex* fuisset, & in ipsa *Senectute* præ cæteris floruisset.

FULL. de *Amic.*

Cum Plerique Libri M. TULLII, quos scripsit de Philosophiâ, Divinitatis quiddam spirare videntur, tum ille, quem *Senex* scripsit de *Senectute*, plane mihi videtur Κόρυμβος Ἀσπ. —

ERASM. *Conviv. Relig.*

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.



*ABOUT Three Years ago, lighting on Sir JOHN DENHAM's Translation of that Celebrated Piece TULLY's Book de Senectute, and, not without some Wonder and Pity, seeing that Great Genius fall so much below the Spirit of the Roman Orator, in his English Metre ; I was so vain as to think a kind of Paraphrase of the same Essay would succeed easier and better : And, therefore, at my Leisure Hours, when severer Studies became tedious, I undertook to Build a Poem (if it be worthy to be call'd so) on TULLY's most exquisite Model ; taking special Care to follow his Exalted Sentiments as closely as I could, and not Presuming to add Much of my Own, unless where I am fond of Spinning out a Ciceronian Thought to the Utmost.*

*IN* some Places, I have Borrow'd from the Sacred Treasures of XENOPHON and PLATO; the very same Inexhaustible Fund to which TULLY himself owes the very Best and Noblest of all his Writings.

*IN* the First Book, where the Character of FABIVS MAXIMUS is drawn out to such an extraordinary Length, it may, and doubtless will, be ask'd (as CATO himself hath anticipated the Objection) Quorsum igitur tam Multa de Maximo? To which I answer, That if it is a Fault, I have only copied from the Orator; and, I am apt to believe, that CATO is Designedly made Prolix by TULLY, in most of his Narratives, because it is usual for Old Persons to be very Long and Circumstantial in their Relations of Persons and Things: Nay, we may find these Beautiful Apologies, ever and anon, in the Old Censor's Mouth; Id senile est — Ætati nostre conceditur — Ignoscetis autem — Senectus est Naturâ Loquacior —

*IN* the Third Book, where CATO enlarges on the Praises of Husbandry, I made Choice (and I hope it is no Crime) to Imitate, or rather Translate, the Best Roman Poet, instead of the Best Roman Orator; I mean VIRGIL, in his most Finish'd Work, the Georgics.

*IN the Fourth, It cannot be taken amiss, that I bring MENEDEMUS out of TERENCE, as an Instance of Extream Avarice in an Old Man; for that Poet's Plays were, at that Time, Fresh, and in Great Repute on the Roman Stage; and SCIPIO, and LÆLIUS (the Person that Quotes the Passage) were Both thought to have had a Hand in the Composition of them.*

*ALL that I shall say more, in Defence of Myself and this Performance, which I have Publish'd, is this; That however Trifling and Impertinent Poetry (notwithstanding it's Antiquity and Use, and the Great Value that hath been set upon it in all Ages) may be Accounted by some severe Judges; Yet I can say, with Good Assurance, That the Gravest Divine need not be asham'd of the Subject I have pitch'd upon, nor of the Precepts which CATO has deliver'd,*

*BEING, therefore, not unmindful of the Sacred Profession I am Honour'd with, I shall, with the utmost Deference to superior Understandings, recommend the few following Thoughts, which naturally must arise in our Minds, from what the Heathen Writer hath Suggested, and I have Attempted, in my Paraphrase upon him.*

*I. CATO's Public Spirit, and Inflam'd Affection for his Country, appear in almost all his Discourses; and he has much ado to keep under his Passion, so as not*

*to use Unbecoming Language, whenever he has Occasion to Speak of Carthage, which was then a Formidable Enemy to Rome.*

*THIS Great Example, methinks, should teach all Christian Subjects, and, especially, Ministers of State, to be more Zealous, than they often are, for the true Interests of their own Nation, and not secretly to side with Foreign Powers, in order to Ruin and Subvert it; For as no Honour is more Beautiful than that which is won by Loyalty, and doing Good to our Country; so no Ignominy can be Blacker than what attends Treachery and Rebellion.*

II. NO one can be a Stranger to this Part of CATO's Character, tho' only \* Hinted at in the following Poem; viz. That this true Lover of his Country, and it's Ancient Constitution, was never without Enemies to Accuse him of being a Traytor to it. And should not this Encourage every Honest Patriot to persevere in his Virtue and Bravery, as long as the still Voice of Innocency affords him the truest Consolation and Security, against all the Tumultuous Noise, and Clamours of a brib'd Populace? But,

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\* Page 5. Book I.

III. *TO be more Particular in our Remarks; In the First Book, we may Observe, how highly the Old Censor extols Philosophy, and that Natural Light, which was all that the Heathens Enjoy'd: How Passionately he recommends the Study and Improvement of them to his Two Pupils, SCIPIO and LÆLIUS; Hopeful Pupils, indeed! who seem to have been Born on Purpose, and to have their Memories and Characters so carefully Preserv'd, so preciously Embalm'd by the Best of Writers, that all the Noble Youth of succeeding Ages might be induc'd not only to Copy after but even to strive to Excel them. And, if Reason, and the Voice of Nature, were so religiously attended to, so greatly valu'd, so prudently cultivated by Heathens; how ought Christians to Rejoice in the Possession of Revealed Religion, and make a better Use of it, than generally they do? Why do we see so many Men, that enjoy the pure Light of Christianity, and know the Excellency of it's Doctrine, discontent and murmuring in every State of Life? Unfix'd, and Roving in Youth, and pining under Old Age?*

IV. *IN the Second Book, that Inviolable Friendship, which appears to have been Establish'd on the firm Basis of Virtue, betwixt SCIPIO and LÆLIUS; That unblemish'd Honour and Integrity, which they Discover by their Words and Actions; That Due Submission and Regard, which they pay to their Great*

Master CATO; *The Affability and Sweetness of their Tempers; their insatiable Thirst after Knowledge, and their Ardent Love of Virtue; cannot fail (One would Imagine) to inspire every Generous Breast with a Noble Emulation.*

V. *IN the Third Book, How Instructive is it, as well as Pleasant, to hear CATO nicely Define true Pleasure; Representing Sensuality in the Blackest and most Odious Colours! ——— Cumque Homini (saith He) five Natura, five quis Deus nihil Mente, Præstabilius dedisset, huic Divino Muneri, ac Dono nihil tam esse Inimicum, quam Voluptatem. And after he hath given a most engaging Description of Divine and Intellectual Pleasures, such as consist in the Improvements of the Mind; He proceeds to Enumerate such as are Innocent, and may be a proper Amusement and Relaxation to the Minds of Young and Old: Instancing, more especially, in the Arts of Husbandry, wherein he himself Delighted, and could, at any Time, know how to exchange the Civil and Military, for a Country Life; being (what seldom, or never, meets in the same Person) a Brave Soldier, a Compleat Statesman, and a Skilful Husbandman. In a Word, The Old Censor gives his Pupils to understand, That they must be Virtuous and Innocent, whilst they are Young, if they would be Happy, and Comfortable to themselves and others, when they are Old.*

VI. *IN*

VI. *IN the Fourth and Last Book, where TULLY hath shewn himself a Master and Lover of PLATO's Writings; how does CATO talk, as if he was Inspired; and saw, by the Eye of Faith, into the Profoundest Mysteries? Expressing, with a Holy Zeal, and the keenest Satyr against Infidels, a strong Conviction of Life and Immortality in another State.*

*WE shall too, if we have any Curiosity, observe, how chearfully he doth what he can to prolong that Life, which the Author of all Being gave him; and how much he excells, in this Respect, that Great Roman of the same Name, that came after him.*

*IN short, if we duly Attend to CATO's Sublime Discourse on Death and Futurity, and hear him, with surprizing Warmth, and Rapture, crying out, O Præclarum Diem, cum ad illud Animorum Concilium cætumque Proficiscar! it must needs fill us with Admiration of the Constancy and firm Belief, of this Illustrious Heathen: What Christian, when he hears this Grave Roman discourse, like an Enlighten'd Patriarch, will not Blush to think on the small Progress he has made, with the Advantages of Revelation?*

*SURE I am, that if the Critics, that vouchsafe to peruse this Poem, shall think it worth their while to make proper Reflections from the Morality contain-*  
ed

[ x ]

*ed in it ; they will have no Time to pass any severe Censures on the Author ; who is One, that pays a true Regard to the Bright Discoveries of Virtuous Heathens ; at the same Time, as He Wishes, they may not appear in Judgment against too many Pretended Christians.*

4 AP 62



CATO



# CATO MAJOR.

A

## P O E M.

### B O O K I.

SCIPIO, and LÆLIUS *meeting* CATO *a little Way*  
from ROME.

SCIPIO.

ATO! Well met.

CATO.

Hail, virtuous, Hopeful Youths!  
How Sweet, and Healthful is the *Morn-*  
*ing* Breeze,

Free from the *Mid-day* Heats, and *Ev'ning* Damps!  
I've just been Walking round the flow'ry Meadows,  
Water'd by *Tyber*, when it overflows,  
On which *Old Rome* looks down in all her Glory.

I love



I love to Exercise these *Aged* Limbs,  
 And hate to Loll supine, as Others do,  
 In stately Chariots ; Splendid Loads of Lumber !  
 Early to climb a Hill, is wholesom Labour ;  
 There to enjoy pure Draughts of Vital Air,  
 Is the best *Physick*, the Support of Life.  
 Thus, every Morn, employ'd, fresh Health salutes me ;  
 Methinks, I feel myself as *Young* as Ever !

## S C I P I O.

With Wonder, *LÆLIUS* and *Myself* contemplate  
 The vast Perfections of thy Tow'ring *Mind*,  
 And See true *Roman Greatness* all in *CATO*.  
 But yet, amidst that Croud of Shining *Virtues*,  
 That Fill thy Soul, and Spread a Lustre round thee ;  
 This *Art*, this *Mark* of thy *Superior Wisdom*,  
 Darts a Distinguish'd Ray of Glory on thee :  
 This *Art* (I mean) of Seeming not to Feel  
 The least Annoyance from a *Load* of *Years*,  
 Thrice Happy Man, to whom the *Dregs* of *Life*  
 Are Sweet ! to others, yielding Nauseous Taste !  
 Thy Temper needs must be *Divinely* fram'd,  
 And Something more than *Human* is about thee !

## C A T O.

Most Worthy Friends ! *SCIPIO*, and *LÆLIUS* Both !  
 Worthy the Name of *Romans* ! Rigid Truth,  
 And Honour, stamp Immortal Worth upon you.  
 When *Rome*, indulgent, fix'd her Eyes on *CATO*,  
 And Dignify'd him with the *Censor's* Rod,  
 Important Trust ! with strict, impartial Eye,  
 He view'd your Life in ev'ry Step, and what

He

He Saw, he still Approv'd ; charm'd to behold  
Two Blooming *Youths* the Growing Hopes of *Rome*.

But what, my Friends ! creates such Wonder in you ?  
That I am Chearful, tho' I'm Old ; that Life  
With me slides smoothly on in it's Decline,  
And ev'n it's Dusky Part Shines out so clear ;  
I'm apt to think, Your curious Temper leads you  
To ask the Sober Sentiments of CATO.  
First, hear me then, and let your Wonder cease !

*Philosophy* ! thou Source of Light, and Truth !  
Sure Guide to erring Minds ! without thee, Life  
Is Comfortless, as Death : All Dark, and Dismal !

Believe me, Friends ! the Man, whom Heav'n has  
    blest'd  
With that Choice *Treasure*, needs no more Support ;  
Collected, and Involv'd in his own *Virtue*,  
He finds within, All, he can want, or wish,  
Supply'd ; No Ills can threaten him Unarm'd ;  
Misfortunes will, ev'n, grow Familiar to him.  
But, least of All, can *Age*, howe'er Deform'd,  
Disturb that solid Peace, which is within him.  
*Old Age* ! what is it, but the Bounteous Gift  
Of *Nature*, who yet never gave Amifs ?  
Is there a Man, who wishes not to see  
More than a Hundred Years roll o'er his Head,  
And Whiten ev'ry Lock ? What means the *Fool*  
To murmur then, if *Nature* be so kind  
To give him, what he Wants, and sooths his Humour ?  
Perverse, Inconstant Man ! unsatisfy'd

Both

Both *Young* and *Old*! Plead not, that *Age* invades  
 Thy Limbs with swift and subtle Pace, and comes  
 At once, unthought of, without previous Warning:  
 Do not the various Scenes of *Human Life*  
 Move gently on in regular Succession!  
 'Till Hoary *Age* at length Advances forward,  
 Accompanied with Wisdom, and Respect:  
*Wisdom*, the Sovereign Balm, that cures our Ills!

Wherever *Vice* and *Years* increafe together,  
 And Hand in Hand go on; there (sad to tell!)  
 Nothing but dark and ever dismal Thoughts,  
 Sorrows, and joyless Hours, 'till Death, succeed.  
 A few Years Wisely, Virtuously spent,  
 Are worth a Million, if they End in *Folly*.

Would ye, my Friends! be then Admir'd for *Wisdom*?  
 (Illustrious Title!) *Nature's* Laws pursue:  
 In all our Conduct, 'tis Incumbent on us,  
 To Watch her Steps, and keep her still in View.  
 Thus, 'midst the tedious Labyrinths of Life,  
 The puzzling Mazes, and the Clouds of Error,  
 Intransc'd with Pleasure, we shall see Her *Lamp*  
 Burn Clear, which she, in Pity, holds to Mortals;  
 Whilst all Obstructions disappear before us,  
 Still free from Blame, in ev'ry Step secure!  
 'Tis *she*, that o'er the Stage of Life presides,  
 And orders ev'ry *Part*, we are to *act*;  
 Nor will *she* do, like an *Unskilful Bard*,  
 Neglect the *Closing Scene*, and let it go  
 Unpolish'd, unadorn'd, of Beauty void,  
 And Harmless Pleasure: Not but Crooked *Age*

Nearly

Nearly resembles full-ripe Fruit, that falls,  
 And, falling, Withers ! All the Heat of *Youth*,  
 And sprightly Juices die : The Course of Things  
 Is such, so Various, in an Endless Flux,  
 Not permanent, not long the same ! But *Wisdom*,  
 That lovely *Queen of Virtues*, cries aloud,  
 Thro' *Nature's* Works, Let *Nature* be your Guide !  
 Resist *her* not, lest ye resist the *Gods* !

## L Æ L I U S.

Thy Words have equal Weight with *Oracles*,  
 And we no less regard them. *SCIPIO* loves  
 To hear thee talk, and dwells upon thy Tongue ;  
 And LÆLIUS freely could Attend for ever.  
 Since, then, we both so fondly hope to see  
 The Face of Wrinkled *Age*, instruct us, how  
 To bear the Weight, with a Becoming Grace,  
 And Rise against the Load of Woe it brings.

## C A T O.

Oh ! to do Good to Others, is a Pleasure  
 That fills the Soul with Joy : But where there's *Friend-*  
*ship*,  
 There *Counsel* is a *Debt*. Demand from CATO  
 The Utmost he can do to make you happy.

## S C I P I O.

Thro' all the Tumults and the Noise of Life,  
 \* *False Allegations*, and the *Spite of Traitors* ;  
 Thro' the cross Paths of this perplexing World,  
 O'er Shelves, and Rocks, CATO has steer'd secure :  
 Cover'd with Honours, He is safe arriv'd

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\* Vide VAL. MAX. Lib. 3. Cap. 7. Sect. 7.

At that last Stage, where We desire to come :  
 Inform us, then, what kind of State it is,  
 Which, like a *Cloud*, that *heavily draws on*,  
 Looks black, and low'ring, at this Distance from us.

## C A T O.

*Old Men*, (Companions) more than once, have told me,  
 (ALBINUS, SALINATOR, *Consuls Both*)  
 What irksom Pains attend *declining Years* ;  
 With what Disdain the *Striplings* treat the *Aged* ;  
 How former Joys are fled ; the *Taste* impair'd,  
 Whilst the Harmonious Sound of *Harp* and *Lute*  
 Delight no more ; the *Charms* of *Beauty* cease  
 To warm their frozen Blood, and *Life* itself  
 Grows flat, and dull with *that Ingredient Age*.  
 Thus have I heard them pour out dire Complaints,  
 And load *Old Age* with undeserv'd Reproach :  
 If *Disrespect*, and *Total Loss of Pleasure*  
 (Doleful Attendants ! ) never fail'd to croud  
 The *Old Man's Levee*, CATO, long ago,  
 And CATO's Friends, had gain'd the sad Experience.

How have I seen old comely SIREs carefs'd !  
 Th' Astonishment and Praise of all that saw them !  
 They seem'd to Walk, as *Deities* on Earth !  
 Thus I beheld them Live at Ease, Rejoice  
 To find themselves got loose from worthless Pleasures,  
 Free from the Chains of Lust, and Baits of Sense.  
 Believe me, when You hear *Old Men* complain  
 That Things go ill, the Fault is in *Themselves*,  
 Not in *Old Age*. *Gods* ! They mistake, that think so !  
 Want of Good Nature, and an easy Temper,  
 Will render *any Part* of Life Unpleasant.

L Æ L I U S.

## L Æ L I U S.

True ; But suppose, that one should say to CATO,  
 Thou hast both *Wealth*, and *Dignity*, and *Honour*,  
*Rome* looks upon thee, as her *Guardian Angel*,  
 What has not CATO, which the World calls Blessings ?  
 Enough, perhaps, t'abate the Miseries  
 Of drooping *Age*, and smoothe its rugged Brows.  
 But does it, can it, fare alike with *All* ?

## C A T O.

What You object, is *partly* true : But know,  
 That neither *Wealth*, nor *Dignity*, nor *Honour* ;  
 Nor *All* these *jointly*, can secure our Peace,  
 Or reconcile us to the Weight of *Age*,  
 If *Wisdom's* wanting — LÆLIUS ! think on this,  
 The *Prime* of Youth, and the *Increase* of Years  
 Are both a restless Burthen to the *Fool*.  
 Would'st thou be Happy ? cultivate the *Mind*  
 With *Virtue*, *Discipline*, and *Liberal Arts* :  
 These, these, (my Friends !) must needs Embellish Life,  
 And Brighten the Deformities of *Age* :  
 These, when all outward Comforts die away,  
 Will give new Life, and Vigour to the *Soul*.  
 When ev'ry Nerve, and every Joint, grows loose,  
 The Eyes wax dim, and the whole *Fabrick* bends,  
 Will arm you with Erect and Lively Hopes.

And, Oh ! the sweet Remembrance of a Life  
 Well-spent, fill'd up with Wise, and Worthy Actions !  
 Bless'd is that *Hoary Head*, that can look back  
 On num'rous Days, and Months, and rolling Years,  
 Whilst each Reminds him of some Virtuous Deed,

B

Some

Some Act of Kindness to a Fellow Creature ;  
 Or else some brave Atchievement for his Country,  
 Plac'd in the *Annals* of Eternal *Rome*.  
 What Tides of Joy must rush upon a Soul  
 Thus Fortify'd, and Ready to surmount  
 The Earth, to be enroll'd among the *Gods* !

The God-like \* *FABIUS*, when the Flow'r of *Youth*  
 Bloom'd on my Beardless Face, full well I knew,  
 And Raptures always seiz'd me, when I saw him.  
 I Lov'd the brave old *Gen'ral*, as my Brother ;  
 Such Sweetness, mix'd with Awful Gravity,  
 Dwelt in his Looks, so Gentle his Behaviour ;  
 Such Mildness soften'd the stern Warrior's Mien,  
 That he at once drew Love and Rev'rence on him :  
 When-e'er He spake in *Senate*, deep Attention  
 Sate on *the Fathers* Brows. The warmest Zeal  
 Glow'd in his Cheeks, to think on *Rome's* Corruptions,  
*Oppression*, *Brib'ry*, and Innum'rous Crimes :  
 To banish *these*, He did, what Man could do.

*War*, dreadful *War*, was yet no Stranger to him,  
 For in the midst of charging Hosts, Sedate  
 He gave Commands, whilst on his awful Nod  
 The *Roman* Legions waited with Respect :  
 And where he pointed, there the Battle rag'd :  
 What youthful Vigour flush'd his Countenance !  
 How was his Soul inflam'd with noble Ardor,  
 When-e'er he heard the Noise of Martial Drum,  
 Or the shrill Trumpet's Sound, that call'd to *Battle* ?  
 His aged Sinews yet could bend the Bow,

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\* *FABIUS MAXIMUS*.

Or launch the Jav'lin swiftly to it's Mark :  
 The Soldiers stood with Wonder struck, to see  
 The *Old Dictator* active, as a *Youth*,  
 In all the Feats of Arms : But, not unlike  
 To those, who, waiting at the *Delphic Shrine*,  
 Receive their Answer with Religious Fear,  
 And silent Admiration : So they watch'd  
 His sacred Lips, when, mounted at the Head  
 Of his fierce Troops, he sent out Sovereign Orders ;  
 Or when, in close Debate, they heard him speak,  
 They all Admir'd, and all Approv'd his Counsels.  
 \* *Rome's* hardy Foe, that held the dubious World  
 In deep Suspence, where *Empire* should be settled ;  
 (The Bulwark and the Pride of *Carthage*!) felt  
 His *Aged* Arm, and own'd him his *Superior*.

Not less in grand Affairs of *State*, than *War*,  
 He flourish'd, the First Favourite of *Fortune*,  
 As well as *Rome*! On that important Juncture,  
 When proud FLAMINIUS strove (rebellious Tribune!)  
 At once to trample on the *Senate's* Rights,  
 And spurn at *noble Blood*; then FABIVS rose,  
 And check'd the *Tribune* by the *Consul's* Power.  
 O, how I love the Man! my Tongue delights  
 To grow exub'rant in his Praise. — For ever  
 I must remember his consummate Wisdom,  
 His even Temper, and his matchless Patience,  
 Then, when his only *Son*, the main Support,  
 The Staff, and Comfort of his Age, was cropp'd  
 By Death! Just like a *Purple Flow'r* sprung up,

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\* HANNIBAL.

Was the fair *Youth* cut down, and so he dropp'd  
 His beauteous Head, bedeck'd with Blushing *Honours*;  
 Heart-rending News to an indulgent Father!  
 How must his tender Bowels yearn within him!  
 None, but a *Parent* knows, what 'tis to lose  
 A *Son*, an *only Son*, just come to Manhood,  
 Bred up to Arts, and Arms, of lovely Aspect,  
 Adorn'd with all the sociable Virtues,  
 And seeming to be born to grace *his Country*!  
 That *such a One* the unpropitious *Heav'n*s  
 Should only let us *Glance*, and then Snatch from us,  
 Is sad to think of; Worse, \* ah, worse to suffer!  
 Enough to shock a *Roman* Resolution!

But see the Noble *FABIUS*! how resign'd!  
 None ever heard an impious Murmur from him.  
 He thank'd the *Gods* for giving him a *Son*;  
 A *virtuous Son*! For *that* he thank'd them more:  
 But wisely thought, that he should do them Wrong,  
 If he were Angry that they did Recall him.  
 Believe me, Friends! *Our Children* are a Blessing,  
 Which *Heav'n* does lend us; they are not Our own.

*S C I P I O.*

Immortal *FABIUS*! Happy Man, whose Mem'ry  
 Is still so fresh, and dear to ev'ry *Roman*!  
 What would one give to be so prais'd by *CATO*?

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\* *CATO* speaks here experimentally, vide Book IV.

*CATO.*

## C A T O.

View him in Private Life, with Wonder view him !  
 Methinks, I see him shaded all with Laurels  
 At Home, from Noise and public Toils retir'd,  
 Bent on *Philosophy's* severest Studies :  
 With what laborious Vigilance he traces  
*Antiquity* through all it's dark Recesses !  
 How deep his Insight into *Divination*,  
 And all the Secrets of mysterious Knowledge !  
 How fresh his Memory of *Battles* fought,  
 And *Sieges* bravely won by *Roman* Conduct !

No Wonder, if his *Conversation* won  
 The Love, and Praise of All : He sweetly mix'd  
 A World of Pleasure with a World of Profit.  
 Oft have I listen'd to his grave Instructions,  
 As to a *Sybil* big with *Inspiration* :  
 And, what He spoke, I wrote, resolv'd to lose  
 Not one important *Sentence*, not a *Word*,  
 That dropp'd, like the *Hyblean* Honey, from him.  
 As if I had divin'd (and so it was)  
 That when this venerable Man should die,  
*Rome*, and the *barren World* must want a *FABIUS*  
 To help on *CATO* in Pursuit of *Wisdom*.

So, I remember, *PLATO* tells *the Story*,  
 That, when the *God-like Man*, so fam'd of old,  
 Discours'd at *Athens*, All, that heard him, wish'd,  
 That he would talk for Ever. Well they knew,  
 'Twere better *dubious Oracles* were Dumb,  
 Than *His unerring Wisdom* put to Silence :

The Thoughts of losing *him* must needs be Dreadful,  
Without whom *Greeks* themselves must turn *Barbarians*.

L Æ L I U S.

Not deathless SOCRATES, nor matchless FABIUS,  
Drew more Attention, than Immortal CATO.  
As anxious Misers hoard ill-gotten Wealth ;  
As Children listen to their dying Parents,  
And fain would catch in their Departing Breath ;  
So do we gather up thy precious Sayings,  
And justly deem them as our choicest Treasures :  
Brighter than polish'd *Gems*, more pure than *Gold* !

C A T O.

If you knew CATO, as he knows Himself,  
Then would you lessen your Opinion of him,  
Compar'd with \* Men of such illustrious Merit,  
Whose Characters stand sacred, by themselves,  
Foremost, unrival'd in the Books of *Fame* !  
——Excuse me, that I dwelt on FABIUS' Praises,  
And spun the Thread of them to such a Length :  
O ! 'tis Divinely Sweet to celebrate  
An *Honourable Person* Good, and Great !  
Much more an Old Companion, and a Friend,  
Who still is in our Thoughts, and near our Heart :  
Musick is in his Name ; his Name gives Rapture !  
And never can our Tongue forbear to praise him.  
O FABIUS ! I could talk of thee for Ever.——

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\* SOCRATES and FABIUS.

Friends, 'twas a *Pleasure*, something mixt with *Pride*,  
 To bring that Noble *Roman* for an Instance,  
 A pregnant Instance, a convincing Proof,  
 That *boary Age* may boast of Happiness,  
 Bloom with full Strength, and Grow *Mature* in Glory!

## L Æ L I U S.

With great Submission : All Men are not form'd  
 For Posts of Honour, and Exalted Stations ;  
 All are not FABII, SCIPIOS, nor CATOS.  
 The Mass of People commonly is Rubbish,  
 Rude and Unpolish'd, and hewn out for Slavery !  
 Ye *Gods* ! how few are they, that purchase Fame  
 By Great Exploits, such Deeds as build up *Heroes* !  
 Few, when *Old Age* arrives, can bid it welcome,  
 And say to *Heav'n*, " It is enough. My Soul  
 " Tells me, it is satisfy'd with it's own Actions :  
 " I've sav'd *my Country* from impending Ruin,  
 " From Foreign Enemies and Civil Broils :  
 " I crush'd the *Tyrant* that usurp'd his Pow'r,  
 " And bound him fast in Chains, to grace a Triumph,  
 " Thanks to the *Gods* ! I've liv'd enough for *Rome*,  
 " And *Glory*." Few can sweeten pining *Age*  
 With Thoughts like these, and thus support the *Soul*.

## C A T O.

Mistake me not, a Life, tho' undistinguish'd  
 By a long Train of Victories and Triumphs ;  
 A *Pure*, an *Elegant*, and *Seber* Life,  
 ( If *Virtue* be not a meer Empty Notion )  
 Must be attended with a *good Old Age* ;

As calm and smooth as the *Pacifick Seas*,  
 When scarce a Breath of Air flies o'er their Surface :  
 Bright as a Summer's Ev'ning, when the *Sun*  
 Slowly goes down, and glitters in the Clouds :  
 As sweet and pleasant, as *Falernian Wines*  
 Rack'd from the Lees, and running clear and strong,  
 Ev'n to the last, worthy to vie with NECTAR !

So PLATO liv'd, with Justice stil'd *Divine*,  
 And as he hasten'd towards a *Century*,  
 His noble *Pen*, that gave the Wond'ring World  
 A *Legacy* worth more than half the World,  
 Dropp'd from his trembling Nerves, and he Expir'd  
 To breathe in happier Climes : With Speed, *his Soul*  
 Flew to the Regions of Immortal Bliss,  
 To taste those Springs of Pleasure, and survey  
 Those verdant Fields which *his own Pencil* drew.

So liv'd ISOCRATES, and GORGIAS, fam'd  
 For Multitude of *Years*, and Depth of *Wisdom* !  
 \* *He*, Brave Old Tutor of *Illustrious Youth*,  
 When some rude Fellow put this Question to him,  
 How he could bear to drag his feeble Limbs,  
 And live a *Skeleton*, to fright his Neighbours ?  
 Unmov'd, return'd an Answer worthy of him ;  
 " I have no Reason to find Fault with *Age* ;  
 " *Age* is no Load, where *Youth* has known no Vice :  
 " Think, as you please my Friend ! I'm fix'd to live  
 " As long as *Nature*, and the *Gods* determine.

---

\* GORGIAS.

ENNIUS, whose Wit, and Harmony of *Numbers*,  
 Gain'd him Applause, and Love from all that knew him,  
 Saw the swift Course of Sev'nty fleeting Years,  
 And then Resign'd a Life oppress'd with Age,  
 And *Poverty, the usual Fate of Poets!*  
 But ev'n *that Double Weight* sat easy on him;  
 He knew no Grief, no Discontent, nor Anguish;  
 But Mirth, good Humour, and a lively Temper  
 Gladden'd his Looks, and grac'd the happy *Sire*.  
 He (for, I think, it is \* his own *Allusion*)  
 Like an Old fiery *Steed*, that oft has scour'd  
 Th' *Olympian Course*, and won the glorious Prize,  
 At last, grown stiff with noble Toils, and Old  
 In Honours, was content to quit *the Field*.

## S C I P I O.

*My Ancestor*, whom you entirely lov'd,  
 Both knew *the Man*, and bore a Friendship for him;  
 A Friendship built on the severest *Virtue*,  
 And such, as finds no Period, but with Life!  
 Amidst the burning Sands of *Lybia's* Desarts,  
 'Midst tedious Merches, difficult Rencounters  
 With *Savage Men*; the Pure, Divine Discourse  
 Of ENNIUS still did Recreate his Thoughts,  
 And smooch his Way to Conquest, and to Glory.

But condescend to hear a *Young Man* speak:  
 The World's too forward to calumniate *Age*,  
 And throw Contempt upon the *Hoary Head*:

---

\* *Vide TULLY's CATO MAJOR, Sicut fortis Equus, &c.*

For thus Men Argue; well, or not, let CATO;  
The only proper Judge on Earth, determine!

“ *Age*, when declining, puts an End to *Action*,  
“ And renders Man, at best, an useless *Drone* :  
“ The *Body* grows an Hospital of Evils,  
“ Juiceless, and full of aching, endless Pains.  
“ Pleasure, the Food of Life, when we are *Old*,  
“ Departs——And we are on the Brink of *Death*.”

C A T O.

Oft I have heard these vile Suggestions us'd,  
Which may have Pow'r to Influence *vulgar* Minds ;  
But all Objections, *colour'd* o'er with Truth,  
Should well be try'd, e'er we allow them *Genuine* :  
Hasty Concessions argue a *weak Brain*,  
Weigh Things, until the *Fallacy* appears.

But now the *Sun* exerts its scorching Heat,  
Let us, my Friends ! (because you seem dispos'd  
For longer Converse) each of us retire  
T' enjoy the Cool of yon high Marble Arch ;  
And there Examine, if Experienc'd *Age*  
Has aught to answer all that Impious Scorn,  
And Raillery, that sporting *Youth* throws on it.

CATO, SCIPIO, and LÆLIUS, *Sitting down*  
*under the Arch.*

C A T O.

Does *Age* Unqualify a Man for *Action*?  
And stop the Exercise of Godlike Virtues?  
True, an *Old Cripple* cannot heave such Burthens,

Or shew such Strength, as a *Young, Hardy Peasant* :  
 But are there no Affairs of high Importance  
 Manag'd by *Hoary Heads* in Time of *War*,  
 And smiling *Peace* ? Has not a *Body*, worn  
 With Toils of Life, and stooping tow'rds the Grave,  
 Long Entertain'd a *Heav'nly Guest* within it ?  
 Long own'd a sprightly, vigorous *Soul* it's Partner,  
 That always *Acts*, and *Thinks*, without Control,  
 An utter Stranger to Fatigue or Slumber !  
 What weighty Matters oft have been Transacted  
 By the Severer Wisdom of *Old Patriots* ?  
 Had *Rome*, on her *Sev'n Hills*, stood safe so long,  
 And been so oft Victorious, if *Old Age*  
 Had been excluded from her public Councils,  
 And none, but *Boys*, had Govern'd in the *Senate* ?  
 No ; 'tis impossible, ev'n *Youth* should think so :  
 And let me perish, but, in CATO's Judgment,  
*Perfections* plac'd in Nerves, and Brawny Limbs,  
 Are proper to the *Brute*, but not to *Man* ;  
 Quite Foreign to the *Majesty* of *Reason* !

To call forth all the Vigour of our Minds,  
 And Exercise their Pow'rs on Glorious Objects,  
 'Tis this alone deserves the Name of *Action*.  
 Did MAXIMUS, that beat the *Carthaginian*,  
 And made him know what 'twas to *Fight* with *Romans*,  
 Live, like a *Sluggard* ? Did a Load of Years  
 Impede his Conquests ? Or obstruct the Course  
 Of his Repeated Triumphs ? — O, my SCIPIO !  
 Did your Great Father, PAULUS, cease to *act*  
 More like a *God*, than *Man*, when *Youth* was over ?  
 Or, rather, did not his Superior Courage

Boil

Boil in his Veins, and make him burn for Glory;  
 Amidst the Pressures of Declining Life?  
 Were the FABRITII, CURII, CORUNCANI,  
 Old useless Folks? Unactive in their Stations?  
 The Pest, and Burthen of the *Common-wealth*?  
 Or did they not, by their unblemish'd Conduct,  
 Protect *their Country* in the Worst of Times,  
 Promote it's *Glory*, and it's *Real Good*,  
 Greatly preferring *That*, before their *Own*?  
 True, Public Spirits! such, as *Rome* may ever boast of!  
 Without which, *Rome*, and ev'ry *State*, must fall.

Old APPIUS, when his Sight grew Dim with Years,  
 (*Great Soul!*) Retain'd a sprightly Intellect,  
 And piercing Judgment, back'd with Resolution:  
 He, in full *Senate*, when it was consulted,  
 In close Debate, If it were most secure  
 To let the *Peace* with PYRRHUS take Effect,  
 Warmly Oppos'd the *Fathers*, that approv'd it;  
 Expos'd their headlong Schemes, and guilty Measures,  
 And, when the *Senate* all sat hush'd, *the Sire*,  
 In Voice like Thunder, bid them think on *Rome*,  
 Remember, they were *Men*, that they were *Romans*.

L Æ L I U S.

Undaunted Man! he Acted with such Brav'ry,  
 As well becomes the Man, that loves his Country.  
 No Opposition of Contending Parties,  
 Nor the wrong Bent of a *Deluded Senate*,  
 Should strike him dumb; not ev'n the mighty Weight  
 Of *Age*, should bring a *cold Indifference* on him,  
 Or stop a *Roman's* Mouth, when *Rome's* in Danger.

C A T O.

## C A T O.

Thou hast a *Loyal* Heart! I love thy Temper:  
I wish some Luke-warm *Senators* were like thee.—

But, Friend! be now convinc'd, *Old Men* are Useful;  
Depend on't (*LÆLIUS*!) tow'nds the *Close* of *Life*,  
'Tis our own Fault, if we are good for *Nothing*.

Have you not seen a skilful *Pilot* Guide  
A well-built *Ship* o'er the *Imperious Surge*?  
He sits sedate, and quiet, at the Helm,  
And, by his Prudence, brings her safe to Harbour;  
Whilst the inferior *Crew*, that climb the Ropes,  
And still are busy on the Deck, appear  
More Active far, and more Concern'd, than *He*:  
But 'twere Absurd to think so. Thus a Man,  
Without the meer Activity of *Body*,  
When *Old*, may wield the vast *Machine* of *State*,  
And not grow Useless, tho' he Seems Inactive.  
Nothing Magnanimous, and truly Great,  
Is brought about by Dint of strongest Muscles:  
Delib'rate Counsel, Constancy of Mind,  
Authority, and Conduct, lead the Way  
To high Exploits. These, these are Arts, my Friends!  
That purchase Fame, and ripen Men for Glory.  
And these are Manly Arts, that all belong  
To Meritorious *Age*. How rare to see  
A *Hot-brain'd Youth*, an *Able Counsellor*!  
A giddy *Boy* may look on *Age* with *Scorn*,  
But the Raw, Unexperienc'd *Youth*, *Deserves* it.  
If *CATO*, without Breach of Modesty

(That

(That lovely Virtue!) may have Leave to Mention  
 The Name of CATO; Does the World suppose,  
 That I, who, all my Days, have been inur'd  
 To Warlike Toils, and was ev'n lifted up  
 From a low Station, to the Post of *Consul*,  
 Now Cease to *Act* at all, pent up at home,  
 Unfit for further *Military* Service?  
 That all, I do, is to prolong a Life  
 Unprofitable to my Friends, and Country?

Is it not known, my Friends! well known to All,  
 How strictly Vigilant I am in Councils?  
 How nothing, *once*, detain'd me from the *Senate*,  
 Because the World should never pass this Censure,  
 " *A Law is made, but CATO was not there?*  
 O, with what anxious Labour of the Mind,  
 Early and Late, have I bent all my Studies,  
 Against proud *Carthage*, our Obdurate Foe!

Who knows not, that *she* Meditates our Ruin?  
 O, for One fortunate Decisive Blow,  
 To Humble her, and lay her Tow'rs in Ashes!  
 It must be done. *Rome!* Thou art not Secure,  
 Whilst *Carthage* is so——*Heav'n* won't suffer long  
 A *Perjur'd Nation*. *SCIPIO!* Dauntless *SCIPIO!*  
 What, if th' Immortal *Gods* reserve their Vengeance  
 For *Thy* Puissant Arm to execute?  
 I am inclin'd to think so——Friend, Remember,  
 Thy Name is *SCIPIO*: Let That fire thy Soul  
 With true Ambition, and a Thirst of Glory.  
 Remember him, that bore the Name of *SCIPIO*,  
 And tam'd the *Africk* Slaves; His Steps pursue.

He,

He, if my Computation prove not wrong,  
 Just three and thirty Years ago, Resign'd  
 As Great a *Soul* as ever Fill'd a *Roman* :  
 His Fame Survives, Incapable of Death !  
 Prithee, go on to Imitate *His* Virtues ;  
 Bend all thy Thoughts against the *Tawny Sons*  
*Of Africk* : Let 'em feel thy Vengeful Arm !  
 Sleep not, till thou hast Raz'd that haughty *City*,  
 Which, in my *wakeful Hours*, disturbs my Thoughts,  
 And rises dreadful to me in my *Dreams*.  
 Then CATO shall be ever bound to thank thee,  
 Ev'n just, when he Expires, shall CATO thank thee,  
 For Ending all his Fears, and Saving *Rome*.

## S C I P I O.

Great Patriot ! condescend to hear me speak,  
 And tell thee Something, that does yet Surprise me,  
 Not long ago, dear LÆLIUS, and I  
 Spent a whole Evening in a grave Discourse,  
 Touching that Wond'rous *Man*, you so Extol,  
 And Point out, as a *Pattern* to be follow'd,  
 Worthy indeed ; but then, how hard to Copy !

\* That self-same Night, when Sleep had clos'd mine  
 Eyes,  
 Methought, I saw the Visage of a *Warrior*  
 Approaching me, with a Majestic Mien :  
 Such Consternation did I never know !  
 For each Particular Hair did stand an End,  
 And Horror seiz'd me, such as struck me Dumb !

---

\* Vide TULL. SOM. SCIP.

When thus the Glorious *Shade*, in Friendly Manner ;

“ Draw nearer, and remove thy needless Fears :

“ I’m SCIPIO. See’st thou not Perfidious *Carthage*

“ Bent on Renewing War ? Brave Youth ! prepare

“ For Battle. Go, and Prosper. Act like SCIPIO :

“ And since my pow’rful Arm could not Accomplish

“ The mighty Work, ev’n *thy Right Hand* shall do it.

Well-pleas’d he Spake, and with a Smile withdrew,

———And is there no *Divinity* in *Dreams* !

*Gods* ! what a strong Desire I find within me,

To Gratify that *Honourable Ghost*,

To fix *Rome’s* Empire, and to please old CATO !

But we too long have from our *Subject* Rov’d ;

Be not Offended, if I dare Recall thee,

Thou Learned *Advocate* of *Feeble Age*.

C A T O.

That noble Ardour, which th’ important *Vision*

Has stirr’d up in thee, fills my Heart with Joy :

SCIPIO ! Thou canst not make too bold with CATO.

But, sure, *Old Age* requires no *Orator*

To plead her Cause ; *Gods* ! They are Lost to Shame,

That dare Malign *Her*, on whom Deep *Experience*

Waits Sedulous, and gives Success to *Action*.

Why did our *Great Forefathers*, truly Wise !

Call the *First Council*, in all *Rome*, the *Senate* ?

Why are We stil’d, The *Fathers* of our Country ?

Is it not *Age*, nobly adorn’d with *Wisdom*,

That Dignifies a *Roman Senator* ?

Think

Think upon *Sparta*, where the Best of Laws  
 Were kept in Force, and rigid Virtue taught ;  
 There *Honour* still was paid, wherever due,  
*Youth* was well Govern'd, and *Old Age* Rever'd.  
 From thence let *Rome* learn *Manners*, let her blush,  
 To see Herself less Civiliz'd, than *Sparta*.  
 Whate'er Men practise, this must still be true,  
 Cool Reas'ning, and Affairs of Weight, belong  
 To Sober Heads, Season'd with Years and Wisdom.  
 The World has often felt the sad Effects  
 Of being Rul'd by Inadvertent Youth.  
 Can *Empires* hope to thrive, or *States* to flourish,  
 When hasty *Boys* are left to hold the Reins ?  
 And the deep Arts of Policy depend  
 On thoughtless *Lads*, who Want themselves a *Guardian* ?  
 Sure to Miscarry, as that head-long *Boy*,  
 Who durst attempt the *Chariot of the Sun*,  
 And vainly hop'd to Regulate the Seasons,  
 And Guide the flaming Carr with blameless Skill :  
 Till *Phæbus* check'd his Haste, and sav'd the World.

## L Æ L I U S.

But do's not Mem'ry fail, as *Age* comes on ?  
 Are not the bright *Ideas* of the Mind,  
 When the fine Traces of the Brain decay,  
 Quite overcast, like to a Summer's Ev'ning,  
 Quite cover'd with a Cloud of dark Oblivion ?

## C A T O.

'The *Soul* of Man's endu'd with noble Pow'rs,  
 She Apprehends, she Reasons, and Concludes ;  
 And *Reminiscence* is her main Perfection.  
 But all these Faculties Unexercis'd

C

Contract

Contract a Rust, and lose their Native Brightness.  
 The *Understanding*, *Memory*, and *Judgment*,  
 Of Course will fail, be quite Expung'd, and Raz'd,  
 Unless *Philosophy* dilates their Pow'rs,  
 And calls forth all their hidden Strength and Vigour,  
 Just like the *Sun's* refreshing Beams, that warm  
 A tender *Bud*, and open all it's Beauties.  
 Blame not *old Age*, when *Reason's* Lamp burns dim;  
 'Tis owing to our Want of Industry  
 To keep it bright. Do's e'er *the Soul* grow Old?  
 Would we bestow but equal Care upon her,  
 With our frail *Bodies*, and our barren *Fields*,  
 O! what a *Heav'nly Crop* would She afford us?

Thus HOMER, HESIOD, and SIMONIDES,  
*Bards* of Renown! Thus stern *Philosophers*,  
 PYTHAGORAS, DEMOCRITUS, and PLATO,  
 Protracted Life beyond the usual Term,  
 Nor did their *Studies* find an Earlier Period;  
*Age* could not Violate their lively Wit,  
 Nor hinder them in their Pursuits of Knowledge;  
 But All, like Heroes, ev'n in Love with Toils,  
 Sustain'd the Vigour of their Minds, 'till Death.

## S C I P I O.

Thanks to Great CATO! we will Vindicate  
*Old Age* henceforth from it's *first Calumny*,  
 Which now appears to Us in Genuine Colours.  
 CATO himself's a living Confutation  
 Of all, that can be said to make it Odious:  
 How is he lov'd, carefs'd, admir'd, ador'd!  
 There's Something, like *Religious* Honours, pay'd him.  
 Awe,

Awe, without Rigour, temper'd with a Sweetness,  
Still recommends him to the *Young*, and *Old*:  
Whatever Conversation *He* is in,  
CATO is still *Belov'd*, his Friends *Improv'd*.

## L Æ L I U S.

My Heart is full of Gratitude to CATO,  
And big with Admiration of his Wisdom.  
How do his Precepts point out Happiness,  
And clear our Minds from Prejudice and Error!

But now the envious Night, with dusky Wings,  
Spreads the sweet Face of Heav'n, and calls to Rest,  
In solemn Manner, *Birds*, and *Beasts*, and *Men*.

## C A T O.

Enough of Talk at present. Friends! to Morrow  
We'll meet again, and our Discourse resume.  
Sweet be your Slumbers, till the *Birds* awake!  
May all the *Guardian Gods* of *Rome* protect you!

## S C I P I O.

CATO's a *Guardian Angel* to his Friends,  
That Man, whom he Directs, and Loves, must Prosper.  
The losing, for a while, the cheerful Day-light,  
Strikes me with less Concern, than CATO's Absence.  
Oh! how I long to see the *Morn* return,  
And *Rome's old Censor*!—*Laelius*, faithful Friend!  
Let thy sweet *Garden* be the destin'd Place,  
Where we shall next behold his *Godlike* Face:  
Mistaken *Persians* may Adore the *Sun*;  
There's a more *Real God*, when CATO's come.

END of the FIRST BOOK.



# CATO MAJOR.

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## BOOK II.

---

LÆLIUS *in his Garden*, Solus.

LÆLIUS.

**F***riendship*, Thou Ornament of Human Life !  
 Thou Mystic Union of *Immortal Spirits* !  
 Better it were for me to find the Absence  
 Of cheerful Day-light, and the glorious Sun,  
 Than be Depriv'd of this Important Blessing.  
 How vain is all the *Roman* Pomp, and Greatness ?  
 How empty, how insipid, Wealth, and Honours ?  
 What Pleasure can the stateliest *Palace* yield ?  
 What Mirth in *Wine* ? or in *Ambrosial Fruit*  
 What Sweetness ? What these spacious *Gardens* round me ?  
 How sad, and lonely ! fill'd with Shade, and Horror !  
 What solid Comfort from *Health* unimpair'd ?  
 What ev'n is *Virtue* ? What is Godlike CATO,  
 Without the *Presence of my Friend* ? O SCIPIO !  
 Where art Thou ?——Sure no Illness has befall'n him !  
 I feel my Blood run cold at that Expression :

He

He us'd to be more Punctual to his Hour :  
 Last Night, at Parting, he assur'd me, thus,  
 " To Morrow we will meet, before *Old CATO*,  
 " And try to Recollect his Arguments :  
 " 'Twill please him, when he finds, that we have Weigh'd  
 " His former *Lectures* ; that he has not spent  
 " His Breath in vain ; but we grow *Wise* from *CATO*.

But here my *SCIPIO* comes ! (Adieu to Sorrow !)  
 Smiling, as usual ! All, I'm sure, goes well.  
 There's Grace, and Dignity, in ev'ry Gesture,  
 His Countenance is full of Truth and Honour !

*SCIPIO Enters.*

*SCIPIO.*

Hail, worthy *LÆLIUS* ! Pardon my Delay,  
 Some urgent Business kept me, till I fear,  
 'Tis past th' appointed Hour. I hope you're well.

*LÆLIUS.*

Ten Thousand Jealousies began to seize me,  
 Th' Effect of Tenderneſs, that knows no Name !  
 Our Friendship has endur'd the sharpest Trials,  
 Our Souls are mingled, like the pureſt Streams ;  
 And *SCIPIO*, and *LÆLIUS*, are but one.\*  
 Then wonder not, if I am rack'd with Tortures,  
 When you're forgetful of your Bosom Friend,  
 A Friend, that needs muſt die at your Diſpleaſure,  
 And hardly breathes the common Air without you !

---

\* *Vide LÆL. de Am.*

S C I P I O.

I know the firm Affection of thy Heart,  
 We never *Lov'd*, like mean and vulgar Souls,  
 And may you *Hate* me, LÆLIUS, if my Breast  
 Glows not with an Untainted, Mutual Ardour!  
 But here is CATO—LÆLIUS is my *Friend*  
 For ever! and I Rev'rence CATO, as a *God*.

C A T O *Enters.*

C A T O.

I had been Present sooner, worthy Friends!  
 But some Great Business call'd me to the *Senate*:  
 Can you believe it! tho' strict \* *Laws* are made  
 T' Extinguish *Brib'ry*, yet, ev'n *Brib'ry's there*?  
 That some Grave *Senators*, for fordid Gain,  
 Wou'd Sell *their Liberties*, and Give up *Rome*?  
 That, what is still yet more, they wou'd not Scruple  
 To Pawn their *Gods*, and Throw off all *Religion*?

S C I P I O.

Dismal to Think! Some, of *Patrician Blood*  
 Oft take the Freedom to launch out too boldly,  
 And turn what's *Sacred*, into *Ridicule*:  
 The *Sybil's Books*, deem'd *Holy* and *Inspir'd*,  
 By ev'ry virtuous *Roman*, are become  
 (Does it not Sound Incredible?) the *Theme*  
 Of Public *Raillery*, and Licentious *Wit*.

C A T O.

Degenerate *Wit*! how full of Guilt and Danger!  
 How Dear a *Jest* is that, which stains my Soul!

---

\* The *Cincian Law* was particularly strict against *Bribery* of all  
 Sorts.

Are there no Righteous *Gods*, that Rule the *Skies*,  
And Punish Men? Is there no Vengeance o'er us?  
*Impiety* may Shake the Walls of *Rome*:

*Vice* is a greater Foe to Her, than *Carthage*.

But let Us leave this Melancholy Subject,

CATO can do no more, for wicked *Rome*,

Than *He* has done. If *She* must fall, *She* must——

——Methinks, I see an *Awful Shape* before me,  
The Creature of my Fancy, like *Old Age*,

Dress'd in a decent Garb, with cheerful Looks:

“ Go on, she seems to say, Undaunted CATO!

“ And plead my long-neglected Cause; Repell

“ The bold, impertinent Attacks of *Youth*.

Obedient, tho' to an imagin'd Voice,

Let Me the *Second Argument* Explore,

Brought to Discredit that *Old comely Matron*,

And rudely Laugh *Her* out of Countenance.

“ Curse on *old Age*, it all our Strength impairs,

“ And fills the *Body* with Infirmities!

Such is the Language of unthinking Mortals!

Abfurd Complaint! I'm sorry, that the World  
Can say, that ever any *Roman* us'd it:

Too sure an Indication of a Mind

With dim Suffusion veil'd, and arrant Folly;

Or Diffolutely Bent, a Slave to Lust!

When frantick *Age* would Bring back vig'rous *Youth*,

Recal it's former Strength of Bones, and Sinews,

Stirr'd up with warm Desires, and restless Longings,

To Run thro' an Unworthy Scene of *Action*,

Perhaps, to Double all it's Guilt, and Shame,  
 Act over, what's th' Effect of *Brutish* Force,  
 Or *Carnal* Appetite, (Alas!) to Do  
 Once more, what better it had *never* done!

CATO's grown Old: A *Century* has pass'd him,  
 But never forc'd a Murmur from his Lips:  
 I dare Appeal to *Him*, that Makes the Thunder,  
 I have not once Repin'd, but still been Thankful.  
 A Hardy *Swain*, fresh with the Bloom of Years,  
 As well might ask the *Gods*, To give him Nerves,  
 Such, as the *Warlike Elephant* may Boast;  
 As I could offer up this *Pray'r* to *Heav'n*,  
 With *Decency*, or any Shew of *Reason*;  
 " O ye *Immortal Pow'rs*! look down in Pity,  
 " On a decrepid Wretch, distress'd with Age!  
 " Make *Youth*, and all it's Warmth, return upon him.  
 " Make him Begin the Stage of Life afresh:  
 " And give him *Youth*, Immortal as *Your own*.

Such *Wishes* are *Prepost'rous*, out of *Nature*,  
 And *Heav'n* Abhors such *Incense*: Grateful *Pray'r*\*  
 Must be a *Just* Request, not the Lewd Cravings  
 Of *Appetite* Debauch'd, or Blinded *Reason*.

The Strength of MILO Grew into a *Proverb*,  
 His brawny Arms could rend the toughest Oak,  
 And bend it's stubborn Limbs, which Wind, nor Tempest,  
 Nor Lightning shot from *Heav'n*, cou'd e'er Subdue:  
 He, when grown Aged, if Report be true,  
 Once, on th' *Olympian Course*, Betray'd a Mind,

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\* Vid PLAT. ALCIB. 2.

Greatly Impair'd, Debas'd beyond Expression !  
 When the *Wretch* Pin'd, and Sicken'd at the Sight  
 Of vig'rous *Wrestlers* Acting Manly Feats ;  
 And with a Sigh, Repeated from his Heart,  
 Exclaim'd against the Weakness of *his Shoulders* ;  
 Thrice did the *Fool*, with Tears, Exclaim, " O MILO !  
 " What would I Give, if thou wert *Young* again ?  
 " *Young*, as thou wert, when I could Lift an Ox  
 " With Pleasure ; Fling with Ease a craggy *Rock*,  
 " Or, with these Hands, now cramp'd with trembling  
     " Age,  
 " Could have Torn up the whole *Dodonean Forest*."  
 Fit Language only for a *Brute* to utter !

*Reason* Refines a Man, Exalts his Thoughts ;  
 He looks on Health, and Strength, as outward Blessings,  
 And thanks the *Gods* for his Proportion of them.  
 But his *Great Soul* is Bent on Nobler Views,  
 Than Low Attainments, which to *Flesh* belong :  
 With Love of *Virtue*, and of *Wisdom*, Fir'd,  
 He Lays out all his Life in their Improvement ;  
 Until they shine in their Unfully'd Lustre,  
 And spread the Brightest Rays of Glory round him.  
 To fill the Mind with various Kinds of Knowledge,  
 And make it Scorn *Pursuits*, that are beneath it,  
 Is the sure Way to *Honour* : Here, to *Excel*  
 Is truly Excellent, the Height of Greatness ! |  
 Here, even *Ambition* is no *Crime*, but *Virtue* !

O ! had I Leisure to Recount the Names  
 Of all those Deathless *Sires*, whose Learned Labours  
 Serve to Improve, and Civilize the World,

Whose

Whose Vig'rous Studies Triumph'd over Years;  
 I must Unfold the Sacred Books of *Fame*,  
 Shew a Surprising List of *Greeks*, and *Romans*  
 Immortaliz'd in *Characters of Gold*.

L Æ L I U S.

Forgive me, CATO! if I interrupt thee;  
 What *Orator*, with Dignity and Grace,  
 Can e'er Sustain his Part, and Gain Applause,  
 If he's to Mount the *Rostrum* for his *Client*,  
 With Fault'ring *Voice*, and *Lungs* with *Age* decay'd?

C A T O.

I know not, how it is: but CATO's *Old*;  
 You see, what Silver Locks his Temples Grace!  
 His Hoary Beard wears an Uncommon Length:  
 But, from my Inmost Soul, I thank the *Gods*,  
 (The Authors, and Preservers of my Being!)  
 That *Yet* these Lungs, which Life Inspire, are strong,  
 And with Unwasted Vigour Do their Office;  
 Ev'n now, that Tuneful Melody of Voice,  
 Which *Nature* gave me, and no *Art* Improv'd,  
 Charms more than ever, and is *Mellower* Grown,  
 Sweetly Expiring; in *Decay Delicious*!  
 Much Like the Snowy *Swan's* *Prophetic* Strain,  
 (Instructive *Emblem*, not unmark'd by \* PLATO!)  
 Just ready to *Expire*, She's heard to Sing  
 Her own sad *Elegy* in moving Accents:  
 Her Dying Voice is clear, from Hoarseness free,  
 And sitting on the Bank of murmuring Waters,

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\* Vide PLAT. PHÆD.

Or gliding mournful down the Silver Stream,  
She seems to Rival PHILOMELA's Notes,  
And fill th' Adjacent Woods, with Softest Music.

Tell me, what meets with greater Veneration ;  
Point out a comelier Spectacle on Earth ;  
What gains more Love, and draws more strict Attention,  
Than a *Grave, Good, Old Patriot*, that harangues  
The People, when the Public Good requires it ?  
With what superior Grace does ev'ry Word  
Flow from him ? Soft and Mild, his Eloquence  
Drops on his Audience like the Morning Dew.  
Authority attends on his Discourses,  
And, if they want the Fire of Noisy *Youth*,  
Yet the deep Sense, and well-digested Periods,  
Deliver'd with a Calm and Even Temper,  
Discover Prudence, and Intrinsick Weight :  
So *Shallow Waters* Rage and Foam the most,  
Whilst the *deep Stream* Untroubled Glides along.

S C I P I O.

To be an *Orator*, is a Perfection,  
CATO ! That *You*, and *more like You*, may Boast of :  
But *Nature* lavishes her Gifts on Few :  
The *Arts* of *Thinking*, and of *Speaking Well*,  
She gives with sparing Hand : How Rare to see  
*Youth*, or *Old Age*, with Eloquence Adorn'd !

C A T O.

Thanks to the *Gods*, that CATO has a Tongue  
To plead the *Orphan's*, and the *Widow's* Cause,  
And serve *his Country* ! Happy *He*, whose *Voice*  
Divinely Charms, when *Rome* Requires his Succour !

But

But what if all the Pow'rs of *Elocution*  
 Vanish, as *Paralytick Age* comes on?  
 Has the Old *Patriot* nothing left to boast of?  
 To Recreate himself, and Profit others?  
 Tell me, who Disciplines the *Roman Youth*,  
 And trains them up to Arts, and Arms, and Wisdom?  
 For whom is that Important Work Reserv'd,  
 But for *Grey Hairs*? a Pleasing, Glorious Toil!  
 Such as Thy *Ancestors* (Great *SCIPIO*!) lov'd,  
 Content not to be *Wise* Themselves Alone,  
 But fond to make, ev'n Others like Themselves,  
 And Build up *Youth* on *Virtue's* firmest Basis.

In that Old *Portico*, of *Doric* Model,  
 Erected in the midst of *SCIPIO's* Gardens,  
 Where *Rome* affords a Venerable Prospect;  
 Oft, heretofore, I've seen *ÆMILIUS* stand,  
 And *PUBLIUS* too, with Crowds of Pupils round them.  
 The two Great Sires, with Pleasure, seem'd to dictate  
 Sublime Instructions: Long they Flourish'd both,  
 Infusing Knowledge into *Tender Age*;  
 And *Heav'n*, well-pleas'd with their Divine Employment,  
 Gave them a fresh Recruit of Vigorous *Spirits*,  
 Sufficient for the *Lamp* of *Life* to Last  
 Clear, as at first, and, with a *Blaze*, Expire.

L Æ L I U S.

None will presume to contradict thee, *CATO*!  
 That some Renown'd Examples Shine in Records,  
 Of *Old Men* flourishing in *Youthful* Strength,  
 And filling the last Intervals of Life  
 With Virtuous Deeds (so great *METELLUS* liv'd,  
 Knowing

Knowing no Weakness, nor yet Pause of Action,  
 Till Death; Ev'n CATO is a *Living* Instance!)  
 But, ah! what Objects strike us ev'ry where,  
 Ugly, and sad to look on, with an Aspect  
 Horrid and meagre, pale as trembling *Ghosts*,  
 That walk their Nightly Rounds to frighten Mortals?  
 And what are these, but Men worn out with *Age*,  
 And dire, Incumbent Evils, that attend it?  
 Enough to shew, what Havock stubborn Time,  
 And Years, can bring on our frail Constitutions!

## C A T O.

Young Man! forbear to mention Grievances  
 That flow from *Youth* mispent, and vitious Courses;  
 Believe me, 'tis unjust, to heap on Age  
 Reproaches, more than it deserves to bear.  
 Give *Hellish Lust* it's Due; severely Lash  
*Intemperance*; there spend thy Keenest *Satire*,  
 Thou canst not bring too black a Charge against them.  
 These, LÆLIUS! These, exhaust the Vital Juices,  
 Emaciate Men; whilst Innocent *Old Age*  
 Is griev'd to find them dwindled into *Shadows*.

Learn the *Greek* Tongue, whilst \* Youth befriends  
 thy Studies,  
 (A Language fit for Gods, that speak in Thunder!)  
 I charge thee do it—XENOPHON will tell thee,  
 How CYRUS, that brave Prince, for Empire born,  
 Stretch'd on his *Death-bed*, where *We* all must come,  
 Gave God-like Precepts to his Weeping Sons,

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\* Cato learn'd the *Greek* Tongue, when he was Old. *Vide* TULL.  
*de SENECT.* p 200. Ox. Edit.

And others : “ Hear me, (said the Dying King)  
 “ The Way to Health, the Way to Strength, and  
 “ Honour,  
 “ Is, To be Virtuous. Virtue ne’er wants Youth,  
 “ Nor Health, nor Vigour, nor Immortal Bloom.  
 “ Thanks to the Bounteous Gods, who gave me Life!  
 “ And made it Prosp’rous ! Not, thro’ all it’s Progress,  
 “ Did I e’er feel a Symptom of Decay ;  
 “ Shew CYRUS one Enfeebled Part about him !  
 “ His Joynts are firmly knit, unhurt with War !  
 “ True ! He shall Die, but fresh with Strength and Glory !  
 “ And, when he Dies, he shall not cease to *Be*.

“ Mistaken Friends ! weep not at my Departure,  
 “ I shall be *Somewhere*, when I am not *Here*.  
 “ The Soul, which ne’er was seen by Mortal Eye,  
 “ Exists Immortal, and Unbody’d Shade,  
 “ When Man expires. Then, then shall CYRUS live,  
 “ When all is *Life*, and all is *Soul* about him.

Excuse me, LÆLIUS ! if I grow *Prolix*,  
 (*Age* is addicted to the Love of *Tales*)  
 But how am I in Transport lost to think  
 On NESTOR, kept alive by *Homer’s* Pen !  
 The Long-liv’d *Greek*, with Pleasure counts th’ Exploits  
 Done by him, whilst he thrice beheld Mankind  
 Decay, and Rise : Years heap’d on Loads of Years,  
 Extinguish’d not his Eloquence, or Valour.  
 The Name of NESTOR warms ev’n CATO’s Veins,  
 And fills him, SCIPIO ! with the Hopes of Life  
 To bless the *Day*, when *Carthage* is no more——

SCIPIO.

## S C I P I O.

Long live, Great CATO! long as NESTOR's Days!  
CATO's Inferior to Him but in Days.

What Sweetness dwells for ever on thy Tongue?

What Terror waits upon thy Martial Prowess?

If *Fate* Reserves another HANNIBAL!

To storm our Gates, to call us forth to Battle,

And set the jarring World again in Flames;

Let CATO *live*; And, *Carthage*! Thou shalt *Fall*.

Then *Rome* shall have no other *Foe*, but *Rome*.

## L Æ L I U S.

And may he live to save her from *Her-self*!

Live to restore the Ancient *Roman* Virtue,

To call back Justice, and to expiate Guilt!

Nor have we Cause to dread the Loss of CATO;

Bless'd Patriot! how we gaze with Wonder on thee!

Some Pow'r Invisible supports thy Strength,

And keeps thee Safe, that thou mayst Guard Mankind.

Else *Heav'n's* Indulgence had not shew'd upon thee,

Such Blessings: *Active Youth*, and *Strenuous Age*!

## C A T O.

*Heav'n* claims the highest Gratitude from CATO,

Without whose Favour we are helpless Beings;

We should ev'n cease to *Be*: No more, *than Creatures*,

Therefore *Dependent*! 'Tis to *Heav'n* I owe

That Fortitude, which still bore up my Mind,

Thro' all the Hardships, and the Toils of War,

And carry'd me secure from Clime to Clime,

Loaden with Conquest, and the Spoils of Nations.

To

To the same Bounty of the *Gods* I owe,  
 That all my Youthful Fire is not consum'd,  
 But still a kindly, gentle Warmth runs thro' me,  
 Supplying all the Vigour *Nature* asks.  
 I'm able yet to Succour the Distress'd,  
 To mount the *Rostrum*, and to plead a Cause ;  
 Who-e'er sees CATO turn away a Client,  
 And leave his Wrongs to be Redress'd by Others ?  
 Is he not Hospitably kind to Strangers ?  
 Is not the Welfare of his Friends, and Country  
 The Study of his Life ? Is Life itself  
 Esteem'd by him too dear a Sacrifice,  
 Or Worth one painful Thought, when *Rome* demands it ?

## S C I P I O.

Great Soul ! we know thy Worth, and we adore thee ;  
 Whate'er is Brave, and Good, belongs to CATO.

O, be not angry, if I speak my Thoughts  
 Enlighten'd, and improv'd, by thy Discourse !

It ill becomes a Man advanc'd in Years,  
 To boast of Sinews, and of equal Vigour  
 With fresh, Uninjur'd Nerves : And 'tis Presumption  
 For untaught *Youth*, Impertinently Gay !  
 To slight Experienc'd *Age*, that claims Respect.  
 Behold ! how *Nature*, Mistress of the World,  
 Dresses in sweet Variety each Season ;  
*Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and the hoary *Winter* !  
 So she bestows, on ev'ry Part of Life,  
 Endowments proper to adorn it's Station.  
 Life flows on Regular, thro' all it's Stages :  
 Youth makes it swell up in Tumultuous Tides ;

But

But Riper *Age* cools and abates it's Fury :  
 As it draws nearer to *Eternity*,  
 That Mighty Gulf, which swallows *Time's* whole Empire!  
 It learns a quiet, and a gentle Motion,  
 Gliding unruffled in the softest Current.  
 Thus, when grown *Old*, we are *mature* for Death,  
 But not unfit to *Live*, and Season others  
 With such Experience, as our Years have gain'd.  
 And what's Corporeal Strength, Gigantick Force,  
 Weigh'd, and compar'd with *Pythagorean Wisdom*?  
 Why should *Old Men* their Weakly State Deplore,  
 And ask a new Supply of *Younger Spirits*?  
 Have they not trac'd the Boundless Fields of Knowledge,  
 Reap'd num'rous *Harvests*, gather'd up *Experience*?  
 From long Pursuits Return'd, successful, Home,  
 Laden with Riches, and the Spoils of Wisdom?

## C A T O.

*Experienc'd Age*, a *Young Man's* Strength Requires  
 No more, than Youth wants *Crutches* to Support it.  
 Hast thou not seen (my Friend!) Old MASSANISSA,  
 That dear *Numidian Prince*, whom Elder SCIPIO  
 To his Lost Realms \* *Restor'd*? (a Noble Work  
 Worthy of SCIPIO, and the *Best of Romans*,  
 To Pluck *Usurpers* down, and set up *Monarchs*,  
 Whom *Nature*, and the *Gods*, design'd for Empire!)  
 He (strange to tell!) ev'n now, Exults in *Youth*,  
 Amidst *Old Age*; Walks, Mounts the Fiery Steed,  
 Marches Bare-headed, sometimes over Hills  
 Bleak with cold Winds, and shiv'ring Snows; and oft

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\* *Vide Liv. lib. 30. cap. 44.*

Endures the scorching Heats of *Lybia's* Sands;  
Indiff'rent in his Choice; still fresh for Toils!

Use *Exercise*, and *Temperance*; Learn these *Virtues*,  
Which, when the Ev'ning Tide of Life Arrives,  
Will all the Rigour of *Old Age* Abate,  
As *Winter* Frosts the *Sun's* kind Warmth Dissolves.

## S C I P I O.

My Father, CATO! was no Stranger to You;  
(Pardon me, if his Name provokes my Tears!)  
But neither *Exercise*, nor *Abstinence*,  
Nor a Chaste, Virtuous Life, could all suffice  
To Crown the *Patriot's* Head with Length of Days.  
Sickness, and lingring Pains conceal'd that Lustre,  
Which would, with Double Strength, have shone upon  
him,  
Had he been able to Lay forth his *Genius*  
In it's true, native Greatness. So I've seen  
A Sullen Cloud obscure a Glorious Day.

## C A T O.

Some Constitutions are not Good by *Nature*:  
And, just like *Lamps* plac'd in unwholesom Air,  
That burn but weakly; so their Languid Spirits  
Oft need Recruits, or else, by slow Degrees,  
Expire: Here double Diligence and Care  
Will scarce preserve the Tenement of Clay  
In Coarse Repair. The crazy, tender Frame,  
With the least Injury, will fall to Pieces.

But, Friend! I beg you, Hear me with Attention;  
The *Human Body* is a *Cabinet*,

That

That holds a *Jewel* of the Richest Value,  
 Worth more than All the *Roman Arms* have won.  
 It is the Soul, my Friends! an Active Being,  
 Immortal, pure, and to *the Gods* Ally'd!  
 Here wisely lay out all your Gen'rous Pains,  
 To keep it's several Faculties at work,  
 And Cultivate them with the Best Improvements:  
 Else, when *Dim Age* Invades the *Case of Flesh*,  
 Darknefs will spread *the Mind*, and Clouds of Error;  
 A Total Darknefs, without Hopes of Day!  
 O *Spiritual Blindness*, Dismal and Forlorn!

Not with more Vigilance, and deep Concern,  
 Does the pale *Vestal* Watch the *Holy Fire*,  
 And Cherish, Day, and Night, the Gentle Flame:  
 Than ev'ry *Wise* and *Virtuous Man* Observes  
 The Posture of his *Soul*; Improves it's Brightness;  
 With curious Eye, inspects the smallest Blemish,  
 That fain would Darken, and Impair it's Light,  
 Creep o'er the *Mirrou*, like a Mist or Dew,  
 And spoil the bright Reflection of the *Face*  
 Divine, Th' *Eternal Author* of it's Being!

For want of this due Care, and well-spent Labour,  
*Age* grows Delirious, Sluggish, and Inactive:  
 Just like some *Antient Fabrick* laid in Ruins,  
 The Pity, or the Scorn, of All that see it!

Remember now, I charge you, these Injunctions;  
 Go on, *Illustrious Youths*, as you've Begun,  
 To tread the unfrequented Paths of Virtue,  
 And let your Minds be fully bent on Wisdom!

Thus you'll behold the last, frail Part of Life  
 Shine bright ; Adorn'd with all that's Great and Lovely ;  
 August Authority, and high Esteem.  
 You'll Scorn to wish for new Recruits of Strength,  
 To Live o'er Life again, Again Repent.  
 All, that *Young Men* Possess of Real Worth,  
 You'll, *yet*, Enjoy, and only *Want* their Follies.

Let the Nerves slacken, and the Limbs grow weak,  
 The *Mind* shall flourish in Immortal Youth,  
 Unhurt amidst a Load of dire Oppressions,  
 The *Wrecks* of Sickness, and the *Crush* of Years.

CATO has more to say ; But Business calls him.  
 Whate'er Remains of our Important Subject,  
 Some other Season, we'll Discuss. Farewell ?

[Exit CATO.]

S C I P I O.

Let us go Home, and e'er we Sleep this Night,  
 Call to Remembrance, what has pass'd to Day,  
 What CATO Spoke, and what the *Gods* might Hear.

L Æ L I U S.

O SCIPIO ! Matchless Friend ! when Thou art with me,  
 The Loss of CATO hardly does Affect me :  
 I hear *Him* with a secret Kind of Dread ;  
 I love him, but that *Love* is mix'd with *Fear* :  
 From Thee, *Sweet Soul* ! each Thought, each Word does  
                     flow  
 With graceful Tendernefs, in Accents mild,  
 Such as Inform and Ravish all my *Soul* !

S C I P I O.

## S C I P I O.

Kind LÆLIUS! thou shalt Sup, this Night, with me;  
 I durst not Importune the *Censor's* Presence:  
 Affairs of Moment call the *Patriot* from us.  
 Happy, that we so long detain'd him here!  
 CATO has left Us to take Care of *Rome*.

So it oft' happens in the *Realms* Above,  
 At some great *Banquet*, when Tremendous Jove  
 Retires from the *Inferior Deities*,  
 To weigh th' Event of Things, and Rule the Skies:  
 All pay low Homage at his Parting *Nod*,  
 And wait, with Patience, for their *Sovereign God*.

END of the SECOND BOOK.



C A T O



# CATO MAJOR.

## BOOK III.

SCIPIO, *Sleeping on his Couch, surpriz'd by CATO  
and LÆLIUS.*

LÆLIUS.

SEE, CATO! our dear Friend lies stretch'd at Ease  
Upon his Couch; and *Sleep*, the gentlest Blessing  
That Heav'n imparts to Men, with soft Oppression  
Has seiz'd his drowfed Sense: His *Fancy's* lost  
In Multitude of *Dreams*. Alas! I hear him  
Cry out with eager Voice, *Immortal CATO!*  
Again—he cries—*Proud Carthage is no more!*

CATO.

The broken Images of Things appear  
So strong, and lively to him in his Slumbers;  
That *Sleep* flies from him, and he Wakes——

SCIPIO.

O CATO!

I blush to be surpriz'd in such a Posture,  
That SCIPIO, gay, with all the Bloom of Youth,  
Should

Should thus give up himself to Indolence;  
 Whilst CATO's watchful for his Country's Good! —  
 O! how I blush to think on't? Trust me, Friends,  
 My future Conduct shall be an Atonement.  
 But while the dear Remembrance of my *Dream*  
 Is fresh, permit me to Rehearse it, CATO!

It needs must be, that when the active *Soul*,  
 Perceives *her Partner*, with hard Drudg'ry, tir'd,  
 And all it's Spirits sunk in sweet Repose;  
 She grows more free, acts like a Spirituous Being,  
 Wantons at large, and, charm'd with Liberty,  
 Becomes Enamour'd with a Thousand Objects.

Methought, I saw Great CATO stand before me,  
 And LÆLIUS with him: His Divine Instructions  
 Fill'd me with Wonder and Delight: He spoke,  
 As he is always Wont, in Style Sublime,  
 His Sentiments were Deep, his Speech was Graceful;  
 Sound were his Doctrines, not abstracted Notions,  
 Fetch'd from the Clouds, and empty Speculations;  
 But *Rules* laid down, to Terminate in *Præctice*.  
 Bless'd Entertainment! (for who would not Sleep  
 For Ever, to Enjoy such Pleasing Visions?)  
 But on a Sudden, the whole Scene was chang'd,  
 Order was lost, and wild Distraction follow'd.  
 Crowds of *Ideas*, ill connected, swarm'd  
 All o'er my Brain, Creating hideous Forms:  
 Not more Imperfect, and Confus'd the Dreams  
 Of such as Labour with some dire Disease.  
 At length the Solemn Pomp of *War* appear'd,  
 (A glorious Sight!) Ev'n Dido's lofty *City*,

In all her Grandeur Rose before my Eyes,  
Seeming Invincible!—Like that proud *Queen*,  
To whom she owes her Rise, with haughty Scorn,  
She, from her Height, look'd down upon the *Ocean*,  
And saw it break it's Billows at her Feet.

But (ah!) what follow'd, would Transport thee, CATO!  
If it were *Real*, something more than *Dream*:  
I found myself (Prodigious Post!) Entrusted  
With the Command of all the *Roman Legions*,  
To Finish, what *my Ancestor* Begun.

What a new Face of Things Appear'd in *Carthage*!  
I saw her close Besieg'd, and loud Alarms  
Shook ev'ry Street; and ev'n *My Name* struck Terror,  
How did her lofty Tow'rs, like *Ilium's* burn!  
And Smoaking Temples, fill the Sky with Horror!

But—CATO! when the News of *the Surrender*  
Arriv'd, *Excess of Joy* at once Awak'd me.

C A T O.

*Excess of Joy* must needs Awake thee, SCIPIO!  
*Carthage Besieg'd, Half Burnt, and All Surrender'd*,  
Must, with Uncommon Gladness, swell thy Mind;  
Enough to Rouze ENDYMION from his Slumbers!  
This *Dream's* an *Omen* of thy future Greatness.—

S C I P I O.

Your Condescension highly will Oblige us,  
If, mindful of your Promise, you resume,  
That long-neglected Subject, *Hoary Age*!  
Hear, what *Voluptuous* Men are wont to say:  
“ Old Age! I Dread thee. Thou art void of *Pleasure*,  
“ Barren of Ev'ry Thing, that *Glads the Soul*!

C A T O

## C A T O.

Believe me, SCIPIO! 'tis a Groundless Cavil,  
 And such, as None, but *Libertines* will Use.  
 The Chaste Delights, that must redound from *Virtue*,  
 Can ne'er be Reap'd by such Degenerate Minds.  
 O CATO! Bless the *Gods*, that thou art *Old*,  
 Arriv'd at that *Full Age*, where *Folly Ends*,  
 Where Vicious Habits Die, and *Virtue Reigns*.

Hast Thou not heard of \* Him, whose Skill survey'd  
*Earth, Sea, and Air*, and the *Empyrean Sky*?  
 Who Taught ev'n PLATO Knowledge? Thus, of Old,  
 He Bless'd his *Countrymen* with wise Instructions:

“ *Tarentine Youths*! Reform: And, e'er too late,  
 “ Imbibe Good Counsel; Live by *Wisdom's Rules*:  
 “ *Corporeal Pleasure* is the Bane of Life,  
 “ The sure Attendant, and the Curse of *Youth*!  
 “ Hence the Perfections of the *Mind* are lost,  
 “ And Men, grown *Savage*, strive t' Unhinge the World:  
 “ Hence *Treach'ry, Rapes, Adulteries* and *Murders*,  
 “ Make dreadful Havock, and provoke the *Gods*.  
 “ Hence ev'n the *Soul* grows black, and all Impure,  
 “ Alas! how chang'd from what it ought to Be,  
 “ And Was at first! The Purest Gift of *Heav'n*!  
 “ Immortal Spark of that *Cælestial Fire*,  
 “ Once fetch'd from *Jove's high Altar*, to Enliven  
 “ Our Senseless *Clay*!”—Thus the *Tarentine Sage*,  
 Warn'd Inadvertent *Youth*. Now, more than ever,  
 Mankind is lost—It has Abandon'd *Virtue*,

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\* ARCHYTAS. Vide HORAT. Ode 28. l. 1.

Immers'd in Vice! My Friends! the dire Effects  
 Produc'd by foul *Intemperance* and *Riot*,  
 Distract the World, and make *Old CATO* Weary  
 Of Dwelling longer in this *Sink of Vice*.

*L Æ L I U S.*

Thou Imitat'st *the Gods* in being Patient,  
 When Wickedness Abounds: *The Gods* Prolong  
*Thy* Life, to keep Mankind from Growing *Worse*.  
 What Bare-fac'd Wantonness would *Rome* Behold,  
 If *CATO's* Eye, whose *Bend* does awe the World,  
 \* Makes *Lewdness* Hide itself, and ev'n Grow *Modest*,  
 Was Clos'd, for ever Clos'd? —

*C A T O.*

Thanks to *Old Age*, that Kills the Ranker Weeds  
 Of *Nature*, and keeps down her wildest Efforts!  
 That gives Men *Temper*; Weakens their Desires,  
 To Blacken o'er with Guilt, th' affrighted *Conscience*,  
 And *Do*, what *Good Men* tremble but to *Think* of!

*S C I P I O.*

It is Reported; Heretofore at *Athens*,  
 † A Great *Philosopher*, in Public, Taught,  
 That *Sensual Pleasure* was the only *Good*,  
 The End, and the Perfection of our Wishes:  
 A Dang'rous *Doctrine*, that I Blush to Think of!

*C A T O.*

Think on it with Contempt, as it Deserves;  
 And, if it's *Author* meant *Corporeal Pleasure*,

\* *Vide VAL. MAX. Lib. 2. Cap. 10. SENECA. Epist. 97.*

† *EPICURUS.*

And not that pure, unmix'd Delight, that flows  
 From a *Divine*, and *Intellectual* Calm,  
 From a Serenity, and Ease of *Mind* ;  
 Treat *Him*, and all the Impious *Herd*, with Scorn.

But whither does my Ardent Zeal transport me ?  
 Ye Bounteous *Gods* ! give *Young Men* Sense to judge,  
 Where *Honour's* due, and make them fond to pay it ;  
 Fond to bestow on *Age*, Well-plac'd Respect,  
 Which frees us from the Luxury of *Youth*,  
 Surfeits, and all the Drudgeries of *Vice*.

And where's the Harm, *Good SCIPIO* ! if *Old Men*  
 Grow Chaste and Sober ; and what Time *the Fates*  
 Allow them Life, is all Sedate and Cool,  
 Serene, and Calm, as a clear Summer's Sky,  
 When Mid-Day Heats give Place to Gentle Winds !  
 Mistake me not, a few calm, temp'rate Moments  
 Are better, than whole Years mispent in Riot.  
 Happy the Man ! (*the Gods* might style him happy)  
 Who, like *FABRITIUS*, full of Fame and Days,  
 Retires from *Rome* (the Scene of Noise, and Business !)  
 To the Sweet Blessings of a *Rural* Life !  
 There lives, like his *Great Ancestors*, content  
 With frugal Diet, such as *Nature* loves :  
 Methinks, I see our Old, Renown'd \* *Dictator*,  
 Returning from the Fields, which his own Hands  
 Had Till'd ; The Wond'ring Swains about him Croud,  
 To hear Instructive Stories, which he tells,  
 Not Grudging ; Thus, in Peace, he Recreates

---

\* *FABRITIUS*.

Himself with Cheerful Meals, and harmless Talk;  
 Believe me, CATO ne'er will bid Defiance  
 To Temp'rate Mirth; he can be Wisely Gay;  
 Enjoy a Friend with Inoffensive Pleasure;  
 Use all the Freedoms, \* XENOPHON Allows;  
 This He can Do, my Friends! and still be CATO.

Witness, ye *Sabine Fields*! that what I say,  
 Is true. There oft in my Calm, Healthy Dwelling,  
 My Friends flock to me in a Winter Ev'n;  
 Well-pleas'd, I heap on Wood with Lib'ral Hand,  
 Abating Frosts and chilling Damps, that rise,  
 By well-compacted Fires. When Summer Heats  
 Return, and *Syrius* glows, we choose a Bow'r  
 To Solace in. The Gen'rous, Sparkling Juice  
 Of *My Own Grape*, Contributes to our Mirth:  
 We Innocently Quaff, and shun Excess.

## L Æ L I U S.

Bless'd Neighbourhood, where the Bounteous CATO,  
 lives!  
 Gay in *Old Age*, and kind to all about him!  
 His Presence makes the *Sabine Fields Elysium*.

## C A T O.

*Old Age* draws Comfort from this pleasing Thought,  
 That it has pass'd the Scorching Heats of *Youth*,  
 And travels forward in the Cool of Life.  
*Life* is a *Fever*, when it fires *Young Veins*,  
 And all our fancy'd Pleasures are but Dreams.  
 Sober Enjoyments wait on *Aged Men*,

---

\* In his *Symposiacks*.

And that, which they are blest'd with, must be *Real*.  
*Old Age* Wants nothing, if it Wants not *Virtue*,  
 To make it a full Scene of Ripen'd Joys.  
 It is the Harvest, that must crown our Wishes,  
 And yield a Glorious *Crop* of Solid Comforts :  
*Lust* lies subdu'd, and it's fierce Flames expire,  
 Unfully'd *Reason* shines in all it's Lustre.  
 Whate'er we Loath, whatever breeds Contempt,  
 Satiety or Pain, or foul Reproach ;  
 All that is Brutish, and degrades our Nature,  
 Vain, Short-liv'd Pleasures ! These *Old Age* Resigns,  
 To Feed on Joys that are Sublime and Godlike.

Which do You most Approve, my Friends ! to Live  
 Scorch'd in the Fire of wild, unconquer'd *Lust*,  
 Or Rush on Headlong, driv'n by fierce *Ambition*,  
 Perplex'd a thousand Ways, Envy'd, Oppos'd  
 By Multitudes, Contending to be Wretched :

Or else, like some Brave *Vet'ran*, that Retires,  
 From the thick Tempest, and the Cloud of War ;  
 Sated with Boist'rous Life, to quit the Toils,  
 And fruitless Vanities, that *Youth* Delights in ;  
 To Study what Concerns us most ; *Converse*  
*With our own Selves*, and choose a calm Retirement,  
 Obscurely Wise, and All Alone in Peace ?

S C I P I O.

How are my Thoughts quite chang'd from what they  
 were ?

The Strength of CATO's Reas'ning has Convinc'd me :  
 Ev'n I begin to Wish, that I was *Old* ;  
 And *Youth*, and Gay Amusements charm no more.

C A T O.

## C A T O.

Take this Advice: Employ your tender Years  
In Useful Studies; lay up Stores of Knowledge,  
Discreetly Provident, till Hoary Age  
Arrives, demanding *Subsidies* from Youth.

So, doubtless, you have seen th' industrious *Ant*,  
Hoard up her Treasure, while the *Summer* lasts,  
And Arm herself against th' Inclement *Winter*:  
Emblem of Prudence, form'd for our Instruction!

## S C I P I O.

O CATO! how did my *Old Father's* Friend,  
SULPICIUS (that Great Man!) with Pleasure spend  
His latter Days! His Comprehensive Skill,  
Measur'd the Globe of *Earth*, and Scann'd the *Heav'ns*:  
From him no *Planet* could conceal it's Course,  
Or Virtue; His deep-searching Mind foresaw  
The *Sun*, and *Moon's* Eclipse; what Time, and how,  
Darkness would come to veil their Splendid Orbs,  
Surprising to behold! Think, what high Raptures  
Must fill a Mind so vast, when it Explor'd  
Nature's Profoundest Secrets with Success,  
Trac'd her thro' all the most perplexing Mazes,  
And found it's Generous Labour was not lost.

## C A T O.

What Numbers could I mention, that indulg'd  
Themselves, when *Old*, in Pleasures worth Enjoying!  
Old NÆVIUS, who first wrote the *Punick* War,  
And PLAUTUS, that enrich'd the barren Stage,  
Were gay in Thought, when Old; unhurt with Years!

LIVY,

LIVY, that first began the *Comick* Scenes,  
 I saw, and knew : He spun out Life with Ease,  
 And his *last Aet*, Crown'd the *Old Bard* with Glory.  
 CRASSUS, CETHEGUS (that known Prodigy  
 Of Eloquence!) both knew Extreme *Old Age*,  
 And found it was not Joyless, but Replete  
 With Comforts not to be express'd with Tongue,  
 Such, as *They* Relish'd, such as CATO feels!  
 Alas! if we compare the Baits of Sense,  
 The Luxury of Feasts, the Sports of Youth,  
 The Charms of Beauty ; All these *Gross* Allurements,  
 With the Chaste Raptures, and Delights, that flow  
 From nobler Searches after Truth, and Wisdom :  
 How do these fruitless Joys betray a Cheat ?  
 Sink in their fancy'd Worth, and lose their Credit ?

So have I seen a Spurious *Diamond*,  
 Shewn by itself, in a false glaring Light,  
 Dart forth a vig'rous Ray, and look like Genuine,  
 Deceiving vulgar Sight ; but if it vies  
 With the true *Brillant*, all it's Lustre fades,  
 A sudden Dullness clouds th' Imagin'd Gem,  
 And gives it all at once, it's true Complexion,  
 Wan as the *Moon*, when PHOEBUS 'gins to rise !

Friends ! (to be short) be mindful of this Counsel,  
 As You grow *Old*, Endeavour to Grow *Wiser* :  
*Years* propp'd with *Wisdom*, cannot prove a Burthen.

L Æ L I U S.

I am Convinc'd, *Old Age* has been Abus'd,  
 Dress'd up in Ugly Garb to raise Abhorrence :

What

What once I could not think of, but with Horror;  
Now Pleases me : Thanks to the *Gods*, and CATO !

But pardon LÆLIUS, if he dares Remind you  
Of those choice Pleasures, Innocent, and Healthful,  
That spring from the Pursuit of *Husbandry* :  
These Recreations, Old Experienc'd Men  
Cannot but know, and, to the full, Enjoy.  
And, if I may have Leave to speak my Thoughts,  
These Pleasures are of a *Divine* Extraction ;  
Pure, and Unmix'd, and what the Gods delight in !  
PAN, with the Rest of *Sylvan Deities*,  
Loves only Woods, and Fields, and Crystal Streams.  
What Wonder, therefore, if the Best of Men,  
The Brave, the Wise, have Till'd their Lands with Care ?  
Pry'd into ev'ry Scene of Country Business,  
And run the Circle of it's Pleasing Labours,  
With Unmix'd Comfort, and Unenvy'd Profit ?

## C A T O.

True, LÆLIUS ! But You needs \* must think it strange,  
That CATO should Forget, what most he Loves ;  
The Sweetest Thing in Life ! Oh ! could my Tongue  
Express my Thoughts, big with the Praises Due  
To *Rural Arts*, and the Delights, they Yield !——  
I see some future *Bard*, in Time's Dark Womb,  
I see Him, like a Beauteous *Phoenix*, rise  
Out of the *Ashes* of a † *Greek* Renown'd !  
§ Him *Italy* shall boast, the World admire :

---

\* CATO wrote a Treatise on Husbandry.

† HESIOD.

§ VIRGIL.

*Ascræan* Verse shall please no more when *He*,  
 In lofty Numbers, with Success, shall sing  
 Immortal *Georgicks*——*PHOEBUS*, God of *Light*!  
 And thou, *Pale Queen* of *Heav'n*, whose Influence guides  
 Each Season! *LIBER*, Thou! and, Bounteous *CERES*!  
 Who fatten with Your Fruits the Kindly Glebe:  
 And, Ye Propitious *Fawns*, and frisking *Dryads*!  
 Ye *Guardians* of the Woods, and *Lawns*, approach!  
 Proprietors of what I would attempt  
 To Praise; Inspire my Mind, Ye *Deities*,  
 Who love the Fields, to sing, as they deserve!  
 Few, Soft, and Easy, let the Numbers flow!

Hail, ye *Saturnian* Lands! Fair *Latium's* Born!  
 Parent of *Heroes*, *Arts*, and Bounteous *Crops*!  
 How shall I Sing the Blessings You impart,  
 To Honest *Husbandmen*? O! could I write,  
 Like Brave Old *HESIOD*; You should be my Theme,  
 And *Latium's* Praises should not stoop to *Greece*.  
 What need I wish for *Hæmus'* cooling Shades,  
*Thessalian* Grotto? the Rich *Sabine* Soil,  
 Can furnish out Delight enough for *CATO*.  
 How pleasant to contemplate *Providence*  
 In *Nature's* Works, that are so fraught with Wisdom,  
 And deep, Unerring Skill? Sweet to behold  
 Each Creature breathing Artifice Divine,  
 And pointing out to Faithless Men, a *God*!  
 Sweet to go forth, when the glad Spring returns,  
 And see the Meadows cloath'd in chearful Green:  
 See ev'ry Plant, and humble Shrub peep forth,  
 From *Earth's* Prolifick Womb: Admire each Bud,  
 Op'ning it's Beauties to the Morning Sun:

Behold, from the minutest Seeds inclos'd  
 In fertile Glebe (surprising Spectacle!)  
 Trees shoot out vig'rous Branches to the Skies;  
 And propagate a Shade for Future Ages.  
 Sweet to survey the *Liv'ries* of each Season,  
 Vary'd with Ornaments peculiar to 'em!

How well do Rural Prospects strike the Eye!  
 A large, and beauteous Field, with *Harvest* Deck'd,  
 When gentle *Zephyrs* play upon it's Surface,  
 Floats, like the *Ocean*. Curious is the Texture  
 Of ev'ry Bearded *Ear*, that's plump with Grain,  
 And bows it's Head in Gratitude to CERES:  
 A Fence of Bristles cloaths each Spiral Hord,  
 Deterring little *Birds* from Impious Thefts.  
*Bless'd Husbandmen!* Too Happy, if you knew  
 How much you're *Bless'd!*

## L Æ L I U S.

O, may I interrupt you  
 Without Offence! The Vigilance and Care  
 Requir'd to plant, and dress Luxuriant *Vines*,  
 Is, of itself, sufficient to Employ,  
 And to Divert *Old Age*: the pleasing Toil  
 Ne'er Ends; the Year's whole Course demands our Labour;

## C A T O.

A wise Improvement of the fruitful *Vine*,  
 Adds Profit to Delight. 'Tis vain for *me*,  
 To hope to crowd in *Verse* the various *Arts*,  
 Of Teaching the Young *Tendrils* where to Climb:  
 Not, if Inspir'd with *Lungs* of Solid *Brass*,

And

And *Eloquence Divine* ; could I Express  
The curious Methods, and the Glorious Pains  
Requir'd, to Bring *the Vintage* to Perfection.

## L Æ L I U S.

'Tis strange the *Vine*, that boasts such Noble Juice,  
(Such, as the *Gods*, if it be True, Delight in)  
In ev'ry Branch, that from it's Trunk Extends,  
Betrays such Weakness, and so frail a Nature :  
Unable to support itself, it loves  
To Clasp, whate'er it meets : The Elm is found  
Most Dear to it's Embrace ; with Luxury  
It wantons round it, like the Curling *Ivy*,  
That twines about the Rev'rend *Oak*, and Shades  
The Brows of *Poets* : So will *Vines* Expatiate  
Too far in Useless Limbs, unless, in Time,  
Some Skilful Hand apply the Crooked Knife,  
(Severe, but proper Method of Correction,  
To Stop Exub'rant Pride !)

## C A T O.

Haft Thou not seen,  
When all Things round thee look in *Vernal* Bloom,  
And *Genial* Warmth inspires each Plant, and Flow'r,  
When *Heav'n's* Indulgence Smiles on all the Earth ;  
How well-prun'd *Vines*, secure from noxious Winds,  
And *Southern* Storms, put forth their Purple Gems,  
Their Leaves Expand to the Propitious *Sun*,  
And, with fresh Verdure clad, salute the *Spring* ?  
It was the *Spring* (nor shall I change my Thoughts)  
When first *the World* was made, and Infant Light  
Sprang out of *Chaos*. Then a Vernal Beauty  
Cover'd the Earth, the *Stars* began to shine :

Then first appear'd the *Iron Race* of Men,  
*Plants* grew, and *Cattle* graz'd in Fields Untill'd.

Prithee (my *LÆLIUS*!) turn thy wond'ring Eyes  
 To the warm Side of Yon delightful Hill ;  
 Seest thou not there a large Extent of *Gardens*,  
 Glowing with *Grapes* (*Grapes* love the Sunny Hills)  
 Oh, how the Prospect fills my Soul with Pleasure !  
 Dispos'd in comely Ranks, and Beauteous Order,  
 They cause Astonishment in the Beholder ;  
 The Purple Clusters Glitter in the Sun.

As, when in a long Tract of rising Ground,  
 Fierce Troops, well Marshall'd, stand in dreadful Pomp,  
 And all the War is rang'd in just Array ;  
 Thick Gleams of Fire shoot from the Warriors Shields,  
 And dazzling Arms ; The Field looks Gay with Horror :  
 Thus Regularly Great the *Vintage* shines,  
 Pompous ! and *BACCHUS*, *Flush'd*, Appears like *MARS*.

S C I P I O.

Grant *SCIPIO* Pardon, such as *LÆLIUS* found,  
 And He will Speak ; but ne'er can Speak, how much  
 The very Thoughts of *Rural* Joys Transport him,  
 Describ'd by *CATO* in such lively Colours.

Others may Gilded Palaces Admire,  
 In Love with Splendid Evils : Let *Ambition*  
 Rack their Enslaved Minds, till, tir'd of *Honours*,  
 With Guilt Attended, they Repent their Choice,  
 And look with Envy down on Lower Stations.  
 But let *Me* Cure the Maladies of Life,

And

And Soften the Incumbrance of *Old Age*,  
 With *Country Pleasures*, and a sweet Retirement.  
 There, let the cooling *Grotts*, and *Vales* delight me,  
 Where gently flowing Streams the Thoughts Compose,  
 And Quiet Ev'ry Passion that Arises :  
 Inglorious let me Dwell in Innocence ;  
*Rivers* and *Woods* be all my Happiness,  
 And let me never Blush to Live like CATO !

## C A T O.

Hail *Agriculture* ! Best and Healthiest Boon,  
 The *Gods* have Giv'n to Men ! Thou canst not Chuse,  
 But make them *Happy* ! ev'n beyond their *Thought*,  
 And *Knowledge*, *Happy* ! But from *Thee* be Far  
 Those that Love Sloth ! All *Drones* be Far from Thee !  
*Thy Pleasure*, and *Thy Labour's* Infinite,  
 And *Innocence*, and *Profit* both attend thee !

*Vines* need much Culture. The Slow-thriving *Olive*  
 Prospers Unprun'd, and with small Industry  
 Takes Root : The Earth itself, will, Unmanur'd,  
 Moisture enough supply to make it Flourish :  
 Loaden with Fatness, it will spread it's Boughs,  
 Fearless of Harm, and raise it's *Peaceful* Head.

*Apples*, when Planted in the Soil they love,  
 Shoot up by their own Strength, and scorn the Helps  
 Of *Human Art* ; proud of their Native Vigour,  
 And *Independent*, they Aspire at *Heav'n*.

Friends ! Should I now Attempt to lay before you,  
 The Diff'rent Sorts, and Names of Shrubs, and Plants,  
 Trees, and the Various Fruits, which Earth affords ;

Much more, if you should ask me to Describe  
 The Ample Province of the *Husbandman* :  
 How, with the Morning Light, fresh Scenes return  
 Of Pleasing Toils : How well the Times to Sow,  
 Plough, and Manure his Lands, must all be known ;  
 When known, Observ'd : How much the Care, and Breed  
 Of Cattle ask Good Skill, and serious Thought :  
 How 'tis, to make the Barren Tree Adopt  
*Strange Cyons*, and, e'er long, itself Admire,  
 With Leaves, and Fruit Adorn'd, but not it's *Own* !  
 How well the Ancient Husbandry of *Bees*,  
 Their Laws, and Manners should be strictly Weigh'd,  
 If we would Govern that Important *Nation*,  
 With Glory, and Success ; and how the *Arts*  
 Of *ARISTEUS*, must our Thoughts Employ,  
 If we desire to see their *Progeny*  
 Gain Strength, and *Numbers* Equal to their *Labour*.

Should I, Not conscious of the mighty Work,  
 Endeavour now to trace the Harmless Pleasures,  
 That Crowd for ever on the *Husbandman*,  
 And fill up ev'ry Hour, from Peep of Morn,  
 Till it is Night, and all the Birds Retire :  
 I might as well Enumerate all the Sands,  
 By *Zephyrs* toss'd upon the *Lybian* Shore ;  
 Or, when rough *Eurus* blows a Horrid Tempest,  
 Fatal to Ships, count ev'ry boist'rous Wave,  
 That breaks it's Fury on th' *Ionian* Strand.

Let this suffice for an imperfect Draft,  
 Of *Rural* Happiness ; and Know, my Friends !  
 'Tis all within the Pow'r of *Virtuous Age*,

Far gone in it's Decline. What Sight more blest'd,  
 Than a Grave *Sire*, content to dwell beneath  
 His spreading *Vine*, and reap Delicious Fruits !  
 From all th' Inveterate Plagues of *Avarice* free,  
 Not Sour in Temper, *Gen'rous* as his Wine !  
 That *Age* Improves, and Mellows into *Nectar* !

Thus, in Times past, the *Roman Patriots* liv'd,  
 And ev'n *Dictators* from the *Plough* were brought,  
 To lead our Armies, and subdue the World. —

If any Real Fault *Old Age* attends,  
 (And, ah !—we know that *Young* and *Old* may Err)  
 'Tis, that it loves to be Prolix in Talk,  
 And likes a *Tale* so well, it cannot leave it.  
 CATO offends in this, and asks your Pardon.

## S C I P I O.

CATO ask Pardon, where he merits Thanks,  
 And raises Wonder from Sublime Discourse !  
 As well the *Sun*, who with it's Light and Heat,  
 Enlivens and Invig'rates all the Earth ;  
 Might ask to be forgiv'n by *Us* below,  
 For all the Sunshine, and Continual Favours,  
 Which it bestows on this Dark nether World.

## L Æ L I U S.

When Men are Virtuous, and not prone to Ill,  
 When Men grow Wise, and the thick Mist of Error  
 Falls from their Eyes, and lets them clearly see  
 The Charms of Naked Truth, Unprejudic'd ;  
 When Mild *ASTREA* shall Return to Earth,  
 And her Blest'd Footsteps Glad the Hearts of Men,  
 Then CATO's *Morals* may grow Dull and Tedious.

## C A T O.

Can I, while Life Remains, do Good to Others ?  
 Can I assist my Friends with Good Advice ?  
 Or do a Kindness to an *Enemy* ?  
 CATO is Ready : He'll Rejoice to do it.

Farewell, Dear, Matchless Friends ! The prattling  
 Humour,  
 That I indulge so much, begins to Flag :  
 Let what Remains Wait till the next Occasion,  
 And *Old Age* Want a-while her *Advocate*.

## L Æ L I U S.

Farewell, Thou Best of Men !—Dear, SCIPIO ! Hear me,  
 Art thou not Charm'd with CATO's Gay Description  
 Of *Country* Pleasures ? Art thou still Enamour'd  
 With Smoaky *Rome* ? and all the Empty Pomp  
 Of Worldly Greatness ?

## S C I P I O.

I Contemn it all,  
 Look down with Pity on the Pride of *Monarchs*,  
 And long to breathe the Air of wholesom Fields,  
 Where all is Innocence, and all is Beauty.

## L Æ L I U S.

Then let us both Retire to Rural Joys,  
 And taste the Sweets of a Dear Country Life :  
 There we'll Improve the Friendship we've Begun,  
 And make the Flame, that's kindled, burn yet brighter,  
 Till it grow strong, and *mount into a Blaze* :  
 There we shall live (Dear Friend !) Obscurely Happy,  
 Knit to Each other, with the Purest Links

Of Undissembled Love : In Distant Ages,  
As long as *Fame* preserves our Names, Mankind  
Shall Read *our Story*, and believe it *Fiction*.

## S C I P I O.

Thy Soul is always big with Gen'rous Thoughts :  
O! how Divinely do'st thou Talk of Friendship ?  
Sure I was Bless'd, when I found out my LÆLIUS ;  
Amongst a Multitude of Faithless Mortals,  
Faithful, and only ever Faithful found !

Let us Retire, Both to one Country Seat,  
As near, as possible, to Godlike CATO's :  
And there, in Sweet Recess, from Business free,  
Spend the Remainder of our Days in Peace.

But, ah! Some Weighty Thought disturbs my Breast,  
*Remember CATO!*—He exhorted SCIPIO,  
Never to Rest, till he had Levell'd *Carthage*,  
And laid that haughty, Stubborn *Foe* in Ashes.

## L Æ L I U S.

Oh! Then will LÆLIUS follow SCIPIO's Fortune,  
Thro' all the Hazards, and the Pomp of War.  
How shall an Ardent Friend forsake his *Mate* ?  
Or Suffer him to march Alone to Danger,  
And Risque a Life more Precious than his Own ?  
Not so have I been Taught : My Native Temper,  
And Education, prompt me still to *Honour*,  
Thanks to the *Gods!* a Gen'rous Mind inspires me,  
That looks on Life with Scorn, and thinks ev'n *Death*  
Assumes a Lovely Shape in *Virtue's* Cause.

## S C I P I O.

## S C I P I O.

I know thy Nobleness of Temper, LÆLIUS!  
 May those *Just Beings*, that look down upon Us,  
 And Punish, or Reward the Deeds of Men,  
 Defeat my future Hopes of Fame, and Conquest;  
 If ever I Conceiv'd the least Suspicion  
 Of thy Unblemish'd Faith, and Rigid Truth!  
 —O! What a Tenderness for LÆLIUS' Safety,  
 Seizes my Soul, and chills me all with Horror!  
 Should *You* Go forth, when the Shrill Trumpet calls,  
 And *Roman Legions* shout for future Glory;  
 Should *You* Go forth, and in the Field of Battle  
 Fall by my Side, all over Glorious Wounds!  
 O LÆLIUS! See mine Eyes brim full of Tears!  
 Let me Persuade, Oblige thee, not to venture  
 A *Life* that Merits more Extent than *Mine*,  
 If 'tis Decreed by *Fate*, that I must fall  
 In *Punick Wars*, before the Walls of *Carthage*;  
 Welcome. But Grant, Kind *Heav'n*! that LÆLIUS may  
*Survive* me long! That Better *Half* of SCIPIO!  
 He will be careful to Redeem my Body,  
 From Hostile Hands, and give it Decent Burial.  
 Those *Obsequies*, however Sad, and Solemn,  
 Are the last Office, that a *Friend* can do,  
 To pacify the Dear, Departed *Shade*.

## L Æ L I U S.

My Heart is all on Fire; It glows with *Friendship*:  
 I feel the noble Passion, like a Tide,  
 Rush on me with Tumultuous Force, Enlarge  
 My very Soul with Bright, Exalted Notions  
 Of Mutual Love, and Thoughts too big to Utter.

As,

As, when the *Sybil*, fam'd of Old for Skill  
*Prophetick*, felt th' Incumbent *God* upon her ;  
 Long would she struggle with the Weight, and try,  
 To Shake him off ; O'erwhelm'd with *Extasy*.

## S C I P I O,

Lut Us Both Join in Pray'rs for CATO's Life ;  
 He'll Teach us, what are *Virtue's* Nicest Rules :  
 And, could He See *thy Heart*, He'd bid me, LÆLIUS !  
 Grapple thee to my Soul with Hoops of Steel,

## L Æ L I U S.

Now let Us Each Retire to Private Studies,  
 There Recollect, what CATO gave in Charge :  
 The *Gods* prolong that Good Old Patriot's Life,  
 In Pity to Mankind, that Wants such Blessings !  
 When *He's* Departed, who will teach us *Virtue*,  
 And be *Himself*, the Lively Pattern of it? —

## S C I P I O.

O ye *Immortal Pow'rs* ! be Merciful ;  
 Continue long *Your Fav'rite* CATO to us !  
 And guard *the Man*, that Awes us into Goodness !  
 Thro' *Him Your Altars* Smoak with Sacrifice,  
 And Solemn Vows, and Pray'rs ascend the Skies ;  
 CATO, where Vice grows *Bold*, can grow *Severe*,  
 And strike on *Impious Minds*, *Religious Fear* :  
 CATO's the *Soul* of *Rome* ! Should *He* Expire,  
 How great a *Prop*, would Sinking *Rome* require ?  
*Virtue* would Feel *the Stroke*, Prepare for Flight,  
 And Leave a *Sinful World* Involv'd in Night.

END of the THIRD BOOK.

C A T O



# CATO MAJOR.

## BOOK IV.

CATO, Solus, *Sitting in his Study, with XENOPHON'S and PLATO'S Works lying by him.*

C A T O.

**T**O *Be*, and not to Be Employ'd in *Thought*,  
 What is it, but to Live, like Senseless Beings?  
 A Blot conspicuous in the fair Creation!  
 Monsters of Men, and a Reproach to Reason!  
 Let the vile Wretch, that wastes his precious Moments,  
 In low Pursuits, Gorging the Baits of Sense;  
 Content himself to forfeit higher Claims,  
 To be less Useful, than a *Vegetable*;  
 And, tho' endu'd with *Human Shape*, to fall  
 Beneath the *Brute*, *Last* in the Scale of Being!

The Pleasures, that Result from *Contemplation*,  
 And Sober Thinking, are, *indeed*, Sublime,  
 The Pride of CATO, and Delight of \* JOVE!

---

\* *Vide* ARISTOT. ETH. ad NICOM. of *Contemplation*.

That's

That's the true *Nectar*, and *Ambrosial* Food,  
 That Recreates the *Gods*, and keeps them Young,  
 Fresh with Eternal Bloom ! What Charms, What  
 Sweetness

Does Solitude afford, Refresh'd with Study ?  
 Bless'd with the Converse of the Brightest *Authors*,  
 Whose Writings live Immortal as their Souls :  
 'Tis a choice Blessing to retire from Men,  
 Perfidious Men ! and *Live* among the *Dead*,  
 Secure of Counsel, and from Treach'ry free !

CATO ! Thou canst not Murmur in the Presence  
 Of XENOPHON, and PLATO : Deathless Names,  
 I love to Mention, and, *as Gods*, Revere !  
 Two Prodigies, that Rose, and Shone together !  
 And, taught by one *Great Master*, how to *shine*,  
 Did, with United Rays, Illuminate  
 The Darken'd World, and free Mankind from Error !  
 Tell me, Ye *Gods* ! (For *You* can best inform me,  
 Who are the Fountain of *Mysterious* Knowledge)  
 Which Lofty *Genius*, of *Those Two*, Inspir'd  
 With clearer Light, and more Exalted Notions,  
 Hath Reason'd best on that Bright *Principle*,  
 And *Source* of *Reason* ; The Pure, *Heav'n-Born Mind* !  
 Which best Describ'd *Socratick* Truths, and drew  
 The *Great Athenian* in his Liveliest Colours ?

How am I fill'd with Wonder, when I think  
 \* On CYRUS, talking of his Future State ?

---

\* *Vide* XENOPH. de CYRO.

As on the Couch his Royal Limbs were Stretch'd,  
 And Death approach'd him, but, disarm'd of Terror,  
 He seem'd t' Anticipate *Cælestial* Bliss,  
 And his Wing'd Soul, Mature for Flight, contemn'd  
 All *Terrene* Glory, Bent on winning *Heav'n*!

I hate thee, EPICURUS! Bold Assertor  
 Of Dreadful Errors! \* This Audacious Mortal,  
 Durst call *Religion*, *Superstitious Fear*,  
 A *Weakness* nourish'd up in Tender Years!  
 The Bane of Mirth, and Fault of Education!  
 But let *Heav'n's Host*, the *Sun*, and *Moon's* bright Orbs,  
 And *all the Stars*; *Earth's Globe*, and *Neptune's World*,  
 Let All, we see around us, Testify,  
 There is a *Spirit* Immense, Diffus'd thro' All,  
 That moves the *whole Machine*, Himself unmov'd!  
 He *must* Exist, an Independent Being,  
 Who claims our Homage! Breath'd a *Soul* into us  
 Immortal, near akin to his Own *Godhead*!  
 That *Particle* of the *Divinity* within Us,  
 No Ages can Extinguish——It must *Live*,  
*Happy*, or *Wretched*, in a Life to Come!  
 PLATO! Thy Reasoning's Just. No Groundless Notions  
 Belong to thee, nor Airy Speculations:  
 All, that thou dost Advance, is *Demonstration*,  
 And takes sure Hold of Serious, Thoughtful Men:  
 Thy Doctrines came from *Heav'n*: *The Gods* Inspir'd  
 Thy *Godlike Master*, and *Thy Master Thee*!

---

\* *Vide* LUCRET.

CATO is near the Grave, but then his *Being*  
 Shall be continu'd, while his *Body* Moulders :  
 The *Soul* flies Swiftly to her Native Skies,  
 And when *Those Skies*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* shall perish,  
 In one *Conflagrant Mass* ; secure from Ruin,  
 She'll See the *World's* Great *Fun'ral Pile* consum'd,  
 And Wrap Herself in *Immortality* :  
 Bless'd *Immortality* ! Joy of *Old Age* !  
 Substantial Food of Life ! What *Man* that Breathes,  
 Can bear this Abject Thought, *To be no more* ?  
 To *Die* is to Begin to *Live* for Ever !——

But hold. I am Regardless of my Friends :  
 This, I remember, was th' Appointed Hour  
 Of Meeting Them——But, ah ! what means the *Boy*,  
 Thus to intrude on my *Devoted Hours* ?

*Enter* B O Y.

B O Y.

SCIPIO, and LÆLIUS, both send Health to CATO,  
 And seem to wait Impatient, till they see him.

C A T O.

Go, tell 'em, that I shall Rejoice to see them :  
*Books* always should Give Place to *Faithful Friends*.

*Enter* SCIPIO and LÆLIUS.

C A T O.

Welcome, ye Courteous Youths to my Apartment ?  
 This Visit is a Kindness done to CATO.  
 To Solace his *Old Age* with Friendly Converse,

Is

Is one sure Method to prolong his Life:  
 What News from *Carthage*, *SCIPIO*? Is it Plotting  
 Pernicious War? Still bent on *Our* Destruction?  
 How comes it, that her Tow'rs are yet Secure?  
 Are *Perjury*, and *Fraud* such *Puny* Crimes,  
 As not to call some *chosen Thunder* on *Her*?

## S C I P I O.

The Gods are Patient, and Connive at Mortals;  
 They oft suspend th' Uplifted Arm of Vengeance,  
 Unwilling to inflict too Speedy Justice;  
 Cities, and Empires, have their Destin'd Periods,  
 And, when Heav'n thinks them Ripe for Ruin, fall.

## C A T O.

Whene'er I hear that hateful Name of *Carthage*,  
 It makes me Do amiss, and lose my Temper.  
 I'll strive this once, to drive it from my Thoughts,  
 And finish my Defence of *Hoary Age*.  
 What saidst thou, *LÆLIUS*! when we Commun'd last,  
 And I stood *Patron* for *Declining Years*?  
 Didst Thou not call an *Avaricious* Bent  
 Of Temper, Sure Attendant on the Man,  
 Whose Head is Grey, bedeck'd with comely *Age*?  
 The Love of *Pelf*, as Life draws near it's Close,  
 Spreading it's dire Infection thro' the Soul,  
 And gaining Strength, as Human Strength Decays?

I'm struck with Wonder, but to hear such Cavils:  
 Can low Desires, and grov'ling Hopes of Gain,  
 Lay hold on Mortals just at their Departure,  
 And torture them with Pangs, that *Misers* feel?

Friends!

Friends! You've been told, that *Life's a Pilgrimage*,  
 A tedious Journey thro' a Vale of Tears:  
 The Traveller would faint without Supplies,  
 And Bounteous *Nature*, always gives Enough  
 To bring him to the End of all his Labours.  
 But 'tis Prepost'rous, 'tis Absurd, 'tis Madness,  
 To vex ourselves with Anxious, guilty Fears  
 Of *Penury*, or Want of Fit *Recruits*  
 To Hold up *Life*, when *Life's* so near it's Period.  
 It can't be So. If any Cure be found  
 For *Av'rice*, 'tis *Old Age*, whose sure Abode,  
 Is on the Confines of the *Grave*; 'tis *then*,  
 If *ever*, that the *Miser* will be *Free*;  
 Unless the *Gods*, in Judgment, fix the *Plague*  
 On some Poor Wretch, and Blend it with his Soul.

## L Æ L I U S.

\* *Friend* TERENCE has a lively, pleasing *Scene*,  
 Where CHREMES and Old MENEDEMUS meet,  
 Just in the Close of Ev'n, and fall to Talking:  
 You see the *Latter* in a Coarse Attire,  
 Returning faint, and weary from his Fields;  
 His Anxious Looks betray a Restless Mind:  
 A *Mattock* and a *Spade* his Shoulders Gall,  
 Oppress'd enough by a great Weight of Years!  
 His Neighbour CHREMES, does with Justice chide him,  
 For giving up himself to Endless Toil,  
 And Doing Sordid Things, that ill Became him.

---

\* Vide TER. HEAUTON. Act I. Scen. I.

But all in vain. Tho' Wealth Encreas'd upon him,  
Like a Strong Tide, and Years did make him bend,  
Tow'rds that *Dear, Wretched Earth*, from whence he  
Sprang,

Yet, still he fear'd, lest *Penury* should seize him,  
E'er *Death's* Arrest did come. His *Avarice*,  
And painful Cares pursu'd him to the Grave;  
*Diseases* Incident to *Age* and *Folly*!

C A T O.

*Diseases* which are still *th' Effects of Folly*,  
But only *Accidents of Age*!

S C I P I O.

O C A T O!

We both Submit ; but, with Impatience, long  
To hear thy last Reply to Vain, *Young Men*,  
Who brand *Old Age* with Infamy, and call it  
The Heaviest Evil, that can light on Mortals!  
Because with Trembling Hands, and Feeble Knees,  
It hovers o'er a Gloomy Precipice,  
And stands but Tott'ring on the Brink of *Death*,  
Which yields a Dark and Doubtful Prospect to Us.

Have You not seen a Tempest Big with Horror,  
At Ev'ning rise, and darken all the Ocean?  
The Sad, Sea-faring Wretch, who needs must Sail,  
And trust himself to Winds, and Storms, looks pale;  
And shudders at the Hazard which he runs.

So must the *Aged* look agast, when *Death*  
Bids them launch out into Eternity;

And

And rove Uncertain in a Boundless Space,  
Or (what is Worse) Surrender up their Being,  
And fall, from whence they sprang, to Thoughtless Dust.

## C A T O.

When will Mankind be freed at length from *Error*,  
And shaking off th' Impediments to *Knowledge*,  
Obtain a Livelier Sense of Things before them?  
Of *Good* and *Evil*; Real *Pain* and *Pleasure*?  
Of *Life*, with it's Incumbrance of Diseases,  
And *Death* the Period, and the Cure of All?

*Old Men* must *Die*; The *Jocund Youth* proclaims:  
And who, that's *Old*, and *Wife*, would fear to *Die*?  
Let us sit down, my Friends! and Reason calmly;  
If Death *Annihilates*, we *Are* no more,  
The *Living Principle* within Expires:  
Incapable of Pain, and out of Being!  
What have we then to Feel, or Fear from *Death*?  
But, if the Soul Survives *It's Stroke*, and Lives  
Immortal *Somewhere*, in a Blissful State;  
Who would not chuse to have the Prospect near him,  
And Die, without Regret, to *Live* for Ever?

## S C I P I O.

The Gayest *Lad*, that walks the Streets of *Rome*,  
May chance to Drop by some Sad Stroke; but He,  
Who Leans on *Crutches*, soon *must* Sink beneath them.  
He can't ev'n Hope t' Enjoy the Day-light long,  
The *Chambers of the Grave* are Ready for him.

## C A T O.

He cannot *Hope*, 'tis true; what Grounds for *Hope*?  
 At least for *Confidence*, where All's Uncertain?  
 And the best Tenure that we hold in Life,  
 Is but a little Breath, a Fickle Being,  
 Which often *just* Exists, and *is* no more?  
 But let the *Stripling Hope* for Length of Days,  
 And num'rous Years to come: Yet *Hoary Age*  
 Claims the Pre-eminence: What anxious *Youth*  
*Hopes* only for, the virtuous *Sire* Enjoys;  
 Free from the Pain of tedious Doubts and Fears,  
 He thanks the *Gods*, that Convoy'd him with Safety  
 Thro' all the Hazards, and the Storms of Life:  
 While Other Mortals, fir'd with *Youthful* Projects,  
 Toss'd to and fro, in an Unquiet World,  
 Oft suffer *Shipwreck*, and their *Hopes* are lost.

## L Æ L I U S.

And 'tis a Pleasure, which the *Old* Enjoy,  
 To See Raw, Unexperienc'd Men, Engage  
 In *Life's* sad Conflicts; Sometimes plung'd in Evils,  
 And Scarce Surmounting them! whilst Secret Joy  
 Gladdens their Souls, to find themselves Arriv'd  
 Secure already at the Silent *Haven*,  
 Where all is Calm, and Dangers, far Remote,  
 Are heard like Distant Thunder, or the Noise  
 Of Falling Waters; a Delightful Sound!

## C A T O.

Such *Pleasure*, as is Caus'd by Men's Misfortunes,  
 Believe me, Friends! is mix'd with too much Guilt,  
 And

And Horror, to be Envy'd : 'Tis Unknown  
 To Ev'ry Gen'rous Heart ; It is Inhuman !  
 CATO's a Stranger to such Impious Joy.  
 He is well pleas'd, when all his Friends are safe ;  
 He knows no Foes, but *Perjur'd Carthaginians* ;  
 And whom the Gods *Detest*, he cannot *Love*.

But to Return——We Talk of *Length of Days*,  
 And *Num'rous Years* : But what, in *Human Life*,  
 Can boast *Duration* ? Gods ! We Talk amiss :  
 Extend the *Walking Shadow*, Spin the *Thread*,  
 As far as it will Go : Let us, ev'n Live,  
 As long as the \* *Tartesian King*, beyond  
 The *Common Term*, to Wonder at Ourselves :  
 And yet *this CATO* calls not *Living long*.  
 Mark, what is *Transient*, in Continual *Flux*,  
 And call it *Durable* ; but 'tis not so.  
 That's truly *Permanent*, that Knows no End.  
 The Fame, that Springs from *virtuous Deeds* is *Lasting*,  
 Immortal, as the *Soul*, that's Conscious of them !  
 Unalterably fix'd, and worth Pursuing !  
 But what's an *Hour*, a *Day*, a *Month*, or *Year*,  
 That pass unthought of, and Return no more ?  
 The *Heav'ns* themselves shall melt away ; but *Virtue*,  
 Shall ev'n *Survive* the Ruins of the World.

How happy is it, that a Life so short,  
 Is long enough to Act our Parts with Honour,  
 And quit the *Stage*, tho' Early, Ripe with Glory ?

---

\* ARGANTHONIUS, a King of *Spain*, who liv'd a Hundred and  
 Twenty Years. Vide TULL. CAT. MAJ. VAL. MAX. Lib. 8. Cap. 13.

Few Years well spent, will bring Us to Perfection ;  
 The Smallest *Circle* may be yet *Compleat* ;  
 And have Illustrious Virtues Throng'd into it.  
 Who would not Live *well here*, from Day to Day,  
 To the last Minute that our *Lamps* keep in,  
 Then *Die* in Peace, and *Wake* to Perfect Joy ?  
 O wish'd for Lot of *Good Old Men* !

## S C I P I O.

I've heard  
 Gay *Youth*, and Hoary *Age*, not ill Compar'd,  
 To *Vernal* Bloom, and *Autumn's* Beauteous Stores.

## C A T O.

An Apt Resemblance too ! We Reap the Fruits  
 Of all our Virtues, when we're *Old* : 'Tis then,  
 Our Glory Shines in it's full Height and Lustre,  
 Which only *Blossom'd* in our Tender *Youth*,  
 And, O the Gentle, Silent Stroke of Death,  
 Which lays *Old Men* to Sleep ! (Bless'd State of Ease !)  
 Whilst Dire Distempers, with Tumultuous Force,  
 Rush on Impetuous, like a Mighty Torrent,  
 And *Tear* the *Youthful*, Vig'rous Man asunder.  
*Death* to the *Aged* is a Kind Relief,  
 That *Nature* gives them ; when th' imprison'd *Soul*,  
 Without much Struggle, takes her long *Farewell*,  
 Wing'd for the Flight, and leaves the Lifeless *Clay*.

I charge you Both, My Friends ! Remember CATO,  
 Remember this Advice, which flows from Love ;  
 Thro' *Life's* whole Course, Observe, to *Gods*, and *Men*,  
 Your Duty, and, with pious Deeds Becalm  
 Your Minds. What Joy on Earth so Great, as *Conscience*  
 Unruffled,

Unruffled, and a *Heav'n* of Peace within ?  
 'Tis this inspires us with a Gen'rous Scorn  
 Of *Death*, and Smooths the Face of *Wrinkled Age* :  
 This guides us Safe in ev'ry tedious Step,  
 Thro' this Vain World (th' Abode of Sin and Woe !)  
 When violent Pains Besiege a *Stooping* Carcass,  
 Then does the *Mind Erect* itself with Vigour ;  
 Stronger, By *Weakness* of the *Body*, Grown,  
 And more Discerning, as it Hovers o'er  
*Futurity* of Bliss, and Sees it's *Home* !  
 Secure in Innocence, and Gay with *Plumes*,  
 It Smiles on Danger, and Expects it's Flight.

## L Æ L I U S.

Thrice Happy He, who, full of *Years* and *Virtue*,  
 Surrenders Life ! 'Tis *Nature*, then, Dissolves  
 With Ease the *Fabrick*, that she Built ; Untwists  
 Life's slender Thread, and *We* Depart in Peace.  
 CATO is gliding gently down the Stream  
 Of *Time* ; Undaunted, the *Great Sire* beholds  
*Eternity* before him, (Boundless Ocean !)  
 There must He *Launch* secure of Happier Climes ;  
 But not Uncall'd for. 'Tis Presumption, CATO !  
 (Is it not ?) boldly to *Desert* our Station  
 In Life, without the Leave of *Him*, that Gave it ?

## C A T O.

All Wise Men Think so. Thus PYTHAG'RAS taught,  
 " Our Life is not *Our Own*, but *His*, that Gave it."  
 JOVE is the Great *Commander* of the World ;  
 Quit not thy Destin'd *Post* Unauthoriz'd ;  
 Life is a *Warsfare*, that we all must Hazard.

## S C I P I O.

What if, in Times to come, ev'n *Suicide*  
 Shall gain Repute, be counted *Roman Brav'ry*?  
 When, Crush'd with Evils, a Desponding Mind,  
 From the drawn Dagger Seeks for Present Ease;  
 When, Big with brave Disdain, a *Noble Soul*,  
 Rushes Indignant to the *Gloomy Shades*,  
 In Hopes to Find a Cure from *LETHE's* Stream.

## C A T O.

Whatever *Soul*, o'erwhelm'd with deep Despair,  
 Goes out of *Life* Enrag'd; Believe me, *SCIPIO*!  
 Flies full of Guilt, and never sees *Elysium*;  
 At least, It Merits no Reward——  
 Forbid it *Heav'n*, that *CATO*, or *his Friends*,  
 Or *his Posterity*, should be *Too Hasty*!  
 Let what will happen, still the *Gods* are *Good*,  
 They won't Inſlict more Ills, than we can Bear,  
 With Patience to Endure *their* Chastisements;  
 With Great Contempt to Look on *Fortune's* Frowns;  
 To be *Serene* in Spite of Clouds and Tempests,  
 Is truly *Great*: 'Tis that is *Roman Brav'ry*!

## L Æ L I U S.

Whene'er a *Friend*, as Dear to Us, as Life,  
 Is snatch'd (O Dreadful Thought!) for Ever from Us,  
 Do Floods of Tears become a *Noble Roman*?  
 Or can He well forbear to pay his Debt  
 Of Sorrow, and weep o'er the Sacred *Urn*?  
 Pardon, Good *CATO*! this *Digression* from me,  
 Since 'tis a Doubt, that you alone can Solve.

## C A T O.

## C A T O.

'Twas SOLON's Wish, To have his Death bemoan'd,  
 His *Urn* bedew'd with Tears; and All to shew,  
 How well he once was lov'd! But *Our Old Bard*  
 Thought more Sublimely, than the *Greek*, when thus  
 He Sung: " Let none, with Grief Effeminate,  
 " Attend *my Obsequies*; No Sighs be heard,  
 " Nor Unbecoming Tears be shed for ENNIUS!"  
 Secure of Immortality, He Slept:  
 From Him shall *Future Poets* learn to Sing  
 Of *Arms*, and *Heroes* in the Loftiest Strains,  
 And make Succeeding Ages all their Own.

## S C I P I O.

Secure of *Immortality*, and Fame,  
 As ENNIUS Slept, so fain would SCIPIO Die.  
 But how is this Obtain'd? This *Future Life*,  
 This Endless Being?

## C A T O.

Friends! Let *Youth* be Spent  
 In Meditation, which improves the *Soul*:  
 Let *Life* be one Continu'd *Thought on Death*!  
 Thus will the *King of Terrors* grow Familiar,  
 Lose all his Dread, and wear a milder Aspect;  
*Old Age*, and *Death* itself, will raise your Thoughts  
 Above the Dismal Confines of *Oblivion*,  
 And give you pleasing Hopes, and solid Comfort.

## S C I P I O.

O *Virtue*! O *my Soul*!

## C A T O.

## C A T O.

Have Courage, SCIPIO!

Remember, how *Our Great Forefathers* Liv'd,  
Rigidly Virtuous, and how Unconcern'd  
They look'd on *Death* (Intrepid Sons of War!)  
When *Rome* was in her Infant State, Illit'rate;  
Nor yet *Philosophy* had spread it's Rays,  
To Guide Mistaken Men——Remember BRUTUS!  
Think how the *Self-Devoted* DECII fell,  
How REGULUS, and the Two SCIPIOS scorn'd,  
The Ruefullest Dangers, and the Hardest Toils.  
Think, how MARCELLUS, in the Height of Fame,  
Greatly Expir'd, The Wonder of his Foes!  
Ev'n Honour'd with a Tomb by *Dastard Men*\*  
Midst whom he fell! Remember those † *Plebeians*!  
Whose Minds were ne'er improv'd with *Lib'ral Arts*;  
Yet, Fir'd with Love of Martial Deeds, they went  
Where *Deaths* were Thickest!——SCIPIO! Think, I  
charge thee,

How oft *Plebeians* *Breasts* have Burnt for Glory!  
And shall it e'er be said, that *Gen'rous Romans*,  
Whose Veins are fill'd with Pure *Patrician* Blood,  
Who have been taught th' Embellishments of Life;  
What Pleasure, and what Gain Redounds from *Virtue*,  
What are the *Arts* to *Live*; should Fear the *Grave*,  
And, as *Old Age* Creeps on, Desponding, *die*?  
Ye *Gods*! while *Rome*'s yet safe, let such Dishonour  
Be fall no *Roman*! Be it far from CATO!

---

\* *Carthaginians.*

† *Vide TULL. CAT. MAJ. Page 227.*

## L Æ L I U S.

O could I *Think*, and *Talk*, and *Act* like CATO,  
 Whose Faultless Conduct shews, he is *Inspir'd*;  
 A Sweet Content, and noble Scorn of Life,  
 Would make me *Glorious*.

## C A T O.

CATO knows no Pleasure  
 Greater than this; To Aid his Friends with Counsel,  
 And lend them, what *Experience* he has Gain'd:  
 'Tis Sweet to Copy the Laborious *Bee*,  
 In ranging all the Spacious Fields of Knowledge;  
 But freely to Impart, whate'er we Know,  
 To Men in Error, is a *Godlike* Deed:  
*Such Deeds*, whoe'er Delights in, shall be *Glorious*.

As oft, as I Discourse with Gay, *Young Folks*,  
 I chuse to Recommend a Thought on *Death*,  
 And season Harmless Mirth, with Grave Reflections.  
*To Die*, should be an *Early* Thought, Remember'd  
 As soon (my Friends!) as we Begin to *Live*,  
 And Hold a Doubtful, a Precarious Being.

As on the Verge of the *Next Life* I stand,  
 I see the Voyage Pointed out for CATO,  
 And Look beyond the Scanty Bounds of *Time*,  
 Into a Distant *Country*, from whose *Borne*,  
 No Traveller would ever seek Return:  
 There, all the various Shocks, that *Flesh* is Heir to,  
 Shall Find a Period, which I wish *Devoutly*!  
 Thrice Happy *Shades*! where Ever-during *Spring*  
 Makes all Things Gay, and Men, as Gods, Immortal!  
 What

What Think You ; Are the *SCRIPTOS*, and the *LÆLI*,  
*Your Fathers*, not *Alive* (my Friends ?) Their *Souls*  
 Extinct for Ever ? No ! There's *Something* tells me,  
 And leaves no Room to Doubt, but *still* they *Live*,  
 To *Die no more* !

## L Æ L I U S.

To *Live*, and *Die* no more,  
 Is *Life* indeed, worth *Dying* to *Enjoy* !

Methought, one Ev'n, As I lay stretch'd at Ease,  
 On my soft Couch, in Pleasing Slumbers lost ;  
 I pass'd the *Stygian Lake* : Thro' Dreadful Shades  
 I wander'd, not without a *Heav'nly* Guide :  
 Till, on a Sudden (O Transporting Scene !)  
 The Gayest Prospect, that a *Poet's* Fancy  
 E'er Teem'd withal, Disclos'd a *Heav'n* of Beauty :  
 Fields ever Green, where Purest *Nectar* flow'd,  
 And Fruits *Ambrosial* grew ! Delightful Grottos,  
 Fill'd with Soft Musick, Eccho'd all around Me.  
 The Bless'd Inhabitants, secure from Ills,  
 Enjoy'd the Purest Clime, the softest Peace ;  
 Uninterrupted Joy, where all was Love,  
 And Universal *Friendship* bore the Sway,  
 Molested with no *jealousies* or *Fears*,  
 As Pure and Lasting, as their Native *Æther* !

## C A T O.

There the Firm *Patriot* lives : There ev'ry *Roman*,  
 Who loves his *Country*, and the Cause of *Truth*,  
 Enamour'd, ev'n with *Death*, when Won by *Virtue* !  
 Shall find his Labour Faithfully Repay'd,  
 And know, that *Sufferings* are the Way to *Conquest* :

No

No treach'rous *Carthaginians* shall be there;  
 No Impious Tyrants, that Delight in Blood,  
 And Rack the *Innocent*. Such Guilty Wretches,  
 Just Vengeance hurls to the *Profoundest Hell*,  
 To PLUTO's Dreadful Courts, and Seats of Woe;  
 There to Lament, in vain their Cruel Deeds,  
 And, Hopeless of the Skies, or Chearful Daylight,  
 Reside in *Darkness* and *Eternal Pain*.

L Æ L I U S.

*Eternal Pain!* Intolerable Thought!  
 'Twere better *not to be*, than *to be Wretched*.

C A T O.

'Twere better *not to Be*, than *not be Virtuuous*;  
 For when the *Soul* Shakes off it's Weight of *Matter*,  
 And fain would Mount Safe to it's Native Skies:  
 It's Best, and only *Vehicle*, is *Virtue*.  
 It will Ascend by it's Immortal Vigour,  
 And Glitter, when the *Stars* shall lose their Lustre.

PLATO! There is a Sacred \* *Page of Thine*,  
 Full Fraught with *Supernatural Light*, which Tells me,  
 A *Prophet* Greater than the World has seen,  
 (If not a *God* in *Human Shape*) e'er Long,  
 Shall Deign to Visit, and Inform Mankind,  
 Of what is after *Death*, and open *Truths*  
*Mysterious*, Hid from Un-enlighten'd Mortals!

L Æ L I U S.

Oh! Soon may such a *Heav'nly Guest* Arrive,  
 To Lead us into *Truth*! Ye Gods, Dispatch him!

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\* Vide PLAT. ALCIB. 2. Page 256.

C A T O.

## C A T O.

CATO would Welcome the *Bless'd Deity*  
 To this vile *Earth*, in View of Happier Times :  
 Now Trust me, we are *Fall'n on Evil Days*,  
*And Evil Tongues*, with Darkness compass'd round,  
 And if a Radiant *Angel*, or a *God*,  
 Can mend the vicious Currents of this World,  
 'Tis Well : For CATO's Part, He is Convinc'd,  
 Fully Convinc'd, he has a *Soul* Immortal :  
 A Thinking, Spirituous Principle within him,  
 All Incorruptible, the Noblest Work  
 Of *God Supreme* ! A Being form'd for *Virtue* !  
 Which, if it wants not *Virtue*, must be Happy.  
 I call the *Gods* to Witness, What I Think ;  
 If *Immortality* itself's an *Error*,  
 It is a Pleasing Dream, a Dear Conceit,  
 I'll *Think* it *True*, till I can *Think* no more.  
 No *Puny Sophister*, that *Rome* can Boast,  
 Shall make me Listen to his Groundless Doctrines ;  
 CATO will never stoop to be his *Pupil*,  
 When *Reason*, and the Unerring *Gods* Direct him.

## S C I P I O.

CATO's Discourse Inflames my Breast : I feel  
 A Dawning Hope Enliven all my Soul.  
 How vain are our Pursuits of Lasting Fame !  
 How Fruitless *Virtue*, if our *Souls* can *Die* !

## C A T O.

O, how I long to leave a Sinful World,  
 And Soar above the Grave, to Realms of Light !  
 There all the *Good* and *Brave*, Both *Greeks* Renown'd,  
 And

And *Romans*, Dwell in Peace: There *Bards* and *Heroes*  
 Congratulate Each Other: There *My Friends*  
 (The Loss of whom makes *Life* itself less Dear)  
 Renew their Friendship, and Improve their Joy,  
 Strangers to Pain! The Noble *Scipios*, there,  
 When I'm Arriv'd at those Delightful Coasts,  
 Shall meet to welcome me with Chaste Embraces:  
 And *Your Great Father*, *LÆLIUS*! shall Approach me  
 With Joyous Looks, and all the Sweet Endearments,  
 That *Friends* Express, after a Long *Divorce*,  
 At their *Re-Union*——O *Ye Pow'rs* Above!  
 Accept of *CATO's* Thanks, for all Your Bounty  
 Continu'd to him, ever since his *Birth*,  
 Till now. To Your Propitious Hands I owe  
 Health, and Success, and Fortunate *Old Age*:  
 How have You Lavish'd All Your Blessings on me!  
 But most I Thank You, that the *Present Toils*  
 Will soon be over; and a *Future Life*  
 Seems Dawning out with chearful Light upon me:  
 Hasten, ye Gods! the last Important *Moment*,  
 Which tries the Firmness of the Bravest *Heroes*:  
 And let it snatch me (O Dear, Rapt'rous Thought!)  
 To that *Young Roman*, *CATO's only Son*!  
 Who's *Dead*, but is not *Lost*! He Went before me,  
 To Reap the full Reward of all his Virtues:  
 How will he Clasp me round with Filial Joy!  
 And thrice will I Embrace the *Lovely Shade*!  
 What Pleasure 'tis to *Meet*, to *Part* no more?

Pardon my Fondness; Not a *Greater Soul*  
 E'er warm'd a *Patriot's* Breast, and, Ripe with Fame,  
 Flew to the *Gods*——O *CATO*! O my *Son*!

LÆLIUS

LÆLIUS *aside.*

See! how he Weeps: His Fondness overcomes him,  
Where *Love*, and *Nature* Plead, ev'n CATO Yields.

CATO.

Remember, how he fell a Sacrifice  
To Hostile Rage!——But hold——the Valiant Lad  
Was on his Duty, Active in his Post,  
He fell, but *Greatly*, in his *Country's* Cause?  
And Tears do ill Become me.

SCIPIO.

Godlike CATO!  
Accept our Thanks, as *the Immortal Gods*  
Accepted *Thine*, for all thy *Bounty to Us*!  
We'll Both Retire, and Leave thee to *Thyself*.

LÆLIUS.

Farewell! Thou Guardian of *Imperial Rome*,  
If SCIPIO, and LÆLIUS, are not Happy,  
Let 'em not Dare to Blame the *Gods*, or CATO!

CATO.

Learn now t' Esteem *Old Age*, as it Deserves,  
And Scorn th' Approach of *Death*: Be Fond of Nothing,  
*But Virtue*. Live, because You are to Die.  
Our *Friends* must Leave Us—CATO lost his Son;  
When most we Hope *Success*, *Misfortunes* come:  
'Tis the *Good Man*, that is Secure from Fear,  
The *Skilful Pilot*, that can safely Steer,  
Thro' this *Tempestuous World*; and Find a Shore,  
Where *Disappointments* shall be Known no more.

4 AP 62

FINIS.

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